This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

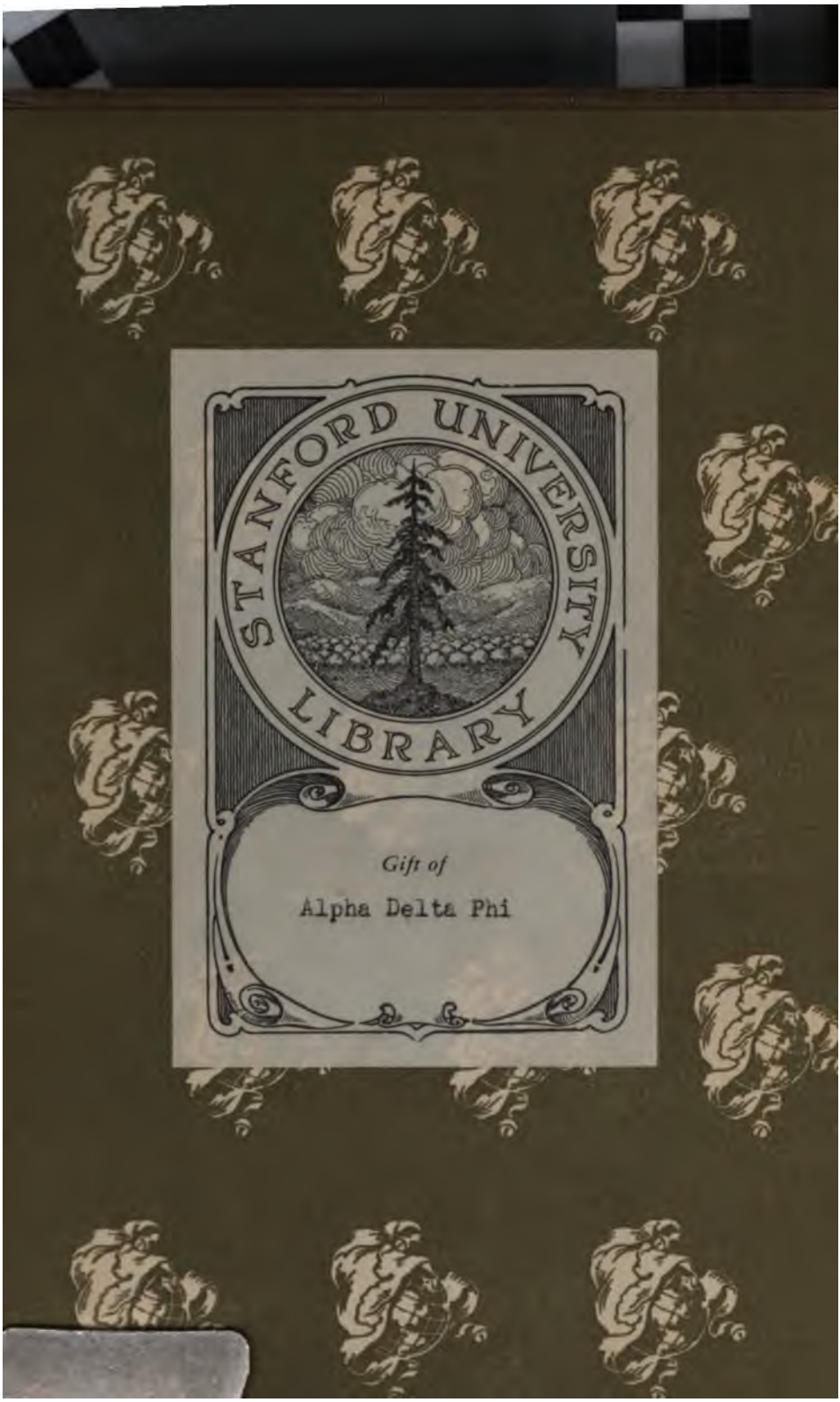
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
Gift of
Alpha Delta Phi

# *The World's Wit and Humor*

# The World's Wit and Humor

## An Encyclopedia of the Classic Wit and Humor of all Ages and Nations

*American, British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Scandinavian, Greek, Roman, Oriental and Miscellaneous*

Fifteen Volumes, with Portrait Frontispieces and Many Cartoons


International Board of Editors

Joel Chandler Harris, *American*
Andrew Lang, *British*
Brander Matthews, *Continental European*
William Hayes Ward, *Greek, Roman and Oriental*
Horatio Sheafe Krans, *Associate American*
Lionel Strachey, *Managing Editor*


STANFORD LIBRARY


New York
The Review of Reviews Company
1906

662517

Jonath. Swift.

[redacted]

Jonath. Swift.

# The World's Wit and Humor

## BRITISH

Introduction
by ANDREW LANG

Volume VI
Chaucer to Chesterfield

New York
The Review of Reviews Company
1906

Copyright, 1906, by
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY

THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
RAHWAY, N. J.

# *Table of Contents*


PORTRAIT OF JONATHAN SWIFT . . . *Frontispiece*

ANDREW LANG PAGE

Introduction: Humour in the British Isles . . xiii

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340–1400).

Chanticleer and the Fox.—"The Nun's Priest's Tale," in "The Canterbury Tales" . . . 3

To My Empty Purse . . . . . 9

Ballad of Women's Doubleness . . . . . 10

JOHN SKELTON (1460–1529).

Ladies' Darling.—"Speak, Parrot" . . . . . 15

Fire! Fire!—"Merry Tales" . . . . . 16

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478–1535).

Disputation between a Fool and a Friar.—"Utopia" . . . . . 18

NICHOLAS UDALL (1504–1556).

Gossip.—"Ralph Royster Doyster" . . . . . 21

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586).

On Plays.—"Defense of Poesy" . . . . . 24

662517

Jonath. Swift.

## Table of Contents


JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745). PAGE

Directions to Servants . . . . . 173
Hints on Conversation . . . . . 176
A South Sea Ballad . . . . . 179
An Academy of Wits.—"A Tale of a Tub" . . 182
Necessity of Wars and Quarrels.—"A Tale of a Tub" . . . . . 183
The University of Lagado.—"Gulliver's Travels" 184
Inventory of the Man-Mountain's Pockets.—"Gulliver's Travels" . . . . . 193
Some Account of the Yahoos.—"Gulliver's Travels" 202
A Gentle Echo on Woman . . . . . 217
Against Abolishing Christianity . . . . . 218
Thoughts on Various Subjects . . . . . 221

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744).

The Rape of the Lock . . . . . 222

THE SPECTATOR and THE TATLER (Published between 1709 and 1714).

The Will of a Virtuoso. (Addison.) . . . . . 246
A Grinning Match. (Addison.) . . . . . 247
The Use of the Fan. (Addison.) . . . . . 249
Sir Roger de Coverley at Church. (Addison.) . 252
The Picts. (Steele.) . . . . . 254
Phillis and Brunetta. (Steele.) . . . . . 257
Will Honeycomb's Courtships. (Budgell.) . . 261

ANONYMOUS (Time of George I).

The Vicar of Bray . . . . . 264

I. Swift

# The World's Wit and Humor

## BRITISH

Introduction
by ANDREW LANG

Volume VI
Chaucer to Chesterfield

New York
The Review of Reviews Company
1906

humourous, and there is no more humourous book in the world than Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

By humourous literature we do not, of course, mean literature that makes us laugh out aloud, and misconduct ourselves hysterically, if we are reading in a more or less public place, a railway train, or a club. To be personal, I confess myself "tickle o' the sear," and easily stirred to uncontrollable mirth. But one does not necessarily rank authors who provoke one to convulsions of laughter among the greatest humourists. Of these, undeniably, was Aristophanes, but Aristophanes is rather remote. His humour does not render the reader a marked object because he laughs till he cries. Among humourists who have made me lose all self-respect, and that decent measure of control which is not uncommon among the insane, I might mention Dickens, the late Mr. James Payn, and Mark Twain. It was my fortune to read "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" for the first time when an undergraduate, travelling with the late Master of Balliol, Mr. Jowett. After a convulsive interval I handed the book to the master, who read it without moving a muscle. Yet he was both humourous himself, and a very great admirer of the humour of Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, and Dickens.

The master's insensibility merely proved that all humour is not humour absolute, and equally excellent for all men at all times. Indeed, humour, among savages, boys, reformers, and other primitive people, seems to have its root rather in hatred and contempt than in affectionate playfulness. To knock on the head with a stone axe an enemy who expected no such matter, was probably the height of humour to the mind of palæolithic man, as, to a boy, is the successful setting of a booby trap, or snatching away a chair, or construction of an apple-pie bed. In further illustration I

select a passage from the works of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer. His enemy, Cardinal Beaton, when he thought himself perfectly safe in his own castle, was set on, preached at, stabbed, slashed, and his body was subjected to savage indignities.

Knox writes: "And so they departed, without *Requiem æternam* and *Requiescat in pace* sung for his soul. Now, because the weather was hot and his funeral could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best . . . to give him salt enough, a cope of lead, and a corner in the bottom of the sea-tower . . . to await what exequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him. These things we write merrily."

Manifestly this kind of humour is primitive (though unknown to the primitive Christians), and is not equally diverting in all ages and all conditions of society. In the same way the humour of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," or of "The Genuine Mexican Plug," may have been too primitive for the Master of Balliol. It consists in the extreme gravity with which the discomfiture of the frog and its sporting owner, in one case, and of the spirited purchaser of the Mexican plug in the other, are described. This is the primitive humour of all *fabliaux* and "merry tales" in which people, mainly husbands and priests, are cajoled, tricked, beaten, drenched, and deceived. The passages in Homer which would seem most humourous to his audience in some king's hall, are probably the beating of Thersites by Odysseus, and the drubbing of the muscular beggar-man, in the "Odyssey," by the same hero. The age was too primitive for real humour; and Homer, serious enough, and tender enough of heart, is rarely humourous. The horse-play of the old Greek or French or English comedians is apt to leave us cold. Molière, as an actor, had to thump and be thumped,

on the stage, with a padded baton, but this kind of humourous performance, and the treatment threatened to Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, were survivals; and the heart of Molière was not in these assaults on the gravity of the groundlings.

Thus, much old humour, and most of what turns on personal peculiarities and temporary "topical" incidents, in Aristophanes for example, is necessarily lost on remote posterity, while the humour of Plato, of Lucian, and others, their grave and gentle irony is immortal. Humour ought to be of a sudden and unexpected effect; and caricature, exaggeration, cannot produce an effect sudden and unexpected, or the effect cannot be durable. For caricature, at best, has a mechanical element; the artist or author has said to himself, "Go to, let us be funny!" In reading the opening chapters of "David Copperfield" and of "Martin Chuzzlewit," you impiously long to have a blue pencil and delete long passages in which the author, not yet warmed to his work, is obviously forcing the fun in cold blood. The effort is mechanical; the high spirits have not risen to the proper temper; the passages are dull and superfluous.

I fear, too, that, as time goes on, the "character parts" will cease to please. One enters a room in which are *Miss Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Micawber,* and *Mr. Dick.* People are beginning to feel, if they do not say, "This is too much. There could not be so many incredibly eccentric personages all fortuitously congregated in one place." They are too like the "humours" of Ben Jonson, the personages each with a solitary "humour," of which he is the professional exponent. We know what he is expected to say and do, and he does it and says it. There are no surprises; this is not Shakespearean, this is not human. These lines one

writes with regret, and with allowance for *Mrs. Gamp*, and *Mr. Pecksniff*, and *Sam Weller*, and a score of Dickens's other characters, who are never stereotyped. You never know what they may say next, whereas you know pretty well where to find *Betsey Trotwood*, and *Mr. Micawber*, excellent as he is, after all. Still, no man could be always Micawberesque.

Now, the humour of *Falstaff* is infinite and endless; you nor any man "knows not where to have him." He is not a caricature; he is a human being. So are Scott's *Cuddie* and *Mause* in "Old Mortality"; there is no caricature. Given the period and her Covenanting ideas, *Mause* is historically accurate to a shade; so is *Davie Deans*, incredibly preposterous as his opinions and behaviour may seem to us. He is minutely studied from an historical prototype. So is *Dominie Sampson*, but he and *Caleb Balderstone* are touched with caricature; they tend to become *clichés*, stereotyped and mechanical. We get too much of them, and too much of Miss Austen's *Mr. Woodhouse* and *Miss Bates*. Of her *Mr. Collins* we can never have too much, because in every turn of circumstances he appropriately, and yet unexpectedly, plays the solemn, heartless, pompous ass that he is. We know that he will do it, but not *how* he will do it, the stupid tree ever bringing forth stupid fruits of new flavours and excellence. Thus, Miss Austen, on her scale of miniature, is a humourist as true as Shakespeare on his vast canvases, or as Chaucer, our first great humourist, whose affectionate contemplation plays round and lights up the whole English world of the late fourteenth century.

Of *Mr. Pepys* we may perhaps say that his humour is unconscious. like that of *Mr. Collins*. He does not mean

to be comic, but as he sets down everything, his own inconsistencies, selfishnesses, foppishnesses, snobbishnesses, fears, and follies, are patent to us as if we saw the Puritan turned rake, and not at ease in the character which he played with shameful and singular heartlessness. If we could give extracts from a famous old pamphlet, "Scottish Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed," the reader would certainly laugh aloud, not that the preachers dream of being humourous (like Latimer in some sermons), but because of their naive unconscious absurdities. Portions of "Hudibras" imperfectly supply the place of the genuine article. Cotton Mather and his Scottish correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Woodrow, are equally serious and equally comic, but not humourous; the reader must bring the humour in which they shine.

Swift has his own, the gravest and most severe, but, on occasion, the most laughable of all, especially in his thoughts on the unadvisability of at once abolishing the Christian religion. His is not precisely an affectionate kind of humour, but always gravely ironical. He did not, indeed, give way wholly to his innate seriousness, but his humour is rather that of one who despises than of one who pities men. He has no rival in his own bitter way, while Addison's and Steele's humour is full of the milk of human kindness, like that of Goldsmith, and the greatest of them all, next to Shakespeare the greatest English master of humour, Henry Fielding.

Fielding, like Shakespeare, defies the maker of extracts; you must read him all; through whatever he writes shines out the playful, generous, pitying, and loving nature of the man; his glorious high spirits, his mild wisdom. Smollett can be extracted from; deodorized passages can be selected

from novels that are decidedly in need of some sanitary precautions. "That noble lady, or gentleman, who is not freely merry" over *Hawser Trunnion, Esq.*, "is not my friend." Sterne, too, needs picking and choosing from; I do not think that extracts of Sterne's really best things can be entirely "elegant." Like Fielding, Thackeray can scarcely be illustrated by way of samples. The Marchioness once had "a sip" of beer, which *Mr. Richard Swiveller* deemed pitifully inadequate, like extracts from Thackeray and Dickens. We must go to "the full welling fountain-heads" for satisfaction. *Jos. Sedley*—no sample of his manner can do him justice; and *Mr. James Crawley* demands a careful study, while *Mr. Harry Foker* is not to be appreciated except at full length. The humour of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Barrie is also best to be taken in long draughts, as is that of many foreign authors. Let us hope that the portions provided, like the milk sparingly administered by *Mr. Squeers* to the new boys, will make the consumer "wish for more." Of our modern humourists to-day, the authors of "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M."—two ladies—appear to me to take the foremost place; their work is classically good, full of fun and melancholy, and their style is excellent.

*British Wit and Humor*

# *British Wit and Humor*

## Geoffrey Chaucer

### *Chanticleer and the Fox*

WHEN that the month in which the world began,
That highté March, when God first makéd man,
Was cómplete, and ypasséd were also
Sithen March ended thirty days and two,
Befell that Chanticleer in all his pride,
His seven wivés walking him beside,
Cast up his eyen to the brighté sun,
That in the sign of Taurus had yrun
Twenty degrees and one, and somewhat more:
He knew by kind, and by no other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blissful steven.
"The sun, he said, is clomben up on heaven
Twenty degrees and one, and more ywis;
Madamé Partelote, my worldés bliss,
Hearkeneth these blissful briddés how they sing,
And see the freshé flow'rés how they spring;
Full is mine heart of revel and solace."
But suddenly him fell a sorr'ful case,
For ever the latter end of joy is woe;
God wot that worldly joy is soon ago;
And if a rethor couldé fair indite,
He in a chronicle might it safely write
As for a sov'reign notability.
Now every wise man let him hearken me:
This story is all so true, I undertake,
As is the book of Lancelot du Lake,

That women hold in full great reverence.
Now will I turn again to my senténce.
A col fox, full of sly iniquity,
That in the grove had wonnéd yearés three,
By high imaginatión forecast,
The samé night throughout the hedges brast
Into the yard there Chanticleer the fair
Was wont, and eke his wivés, to repair,
And in a bed of wortés still he lay
Till it was passéd undern of the day,
Waiting his time on Chanticleer to fall,
As gladly do these homicidés all
That in await liggen to murder men.
O falsé murderer! rucking in thy den,
O newé Scariot, newé Ganelon!
O false dissimuler, O Greek Sinon!
That broughtest Troy all utterly to sorrow.
O Chanticleer! accurséd be the morrow
That thou into thy yard flew from the beams;
Thou were full well ywarnéd by thy dreams
That thilké day was perilous to thee:
But what that God forewot must needés be,
After the opinión of certain clerkés,
Witness on him that any perfect clerk is,
That in schoolé is great altercatión
In this mattére and great disputison,
And hath been of a hundred thousand men:
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy Doctor Augustin,
Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddés worthy foreweeting
Straineth me needly for to do a thing,

(Needély clepe I simple necessity)'
Or ellés if free choice be granted me
To do that samé thing or do it naught,
Though God forewot it ere that it was wrought,
Or if his weeting straineth never a deal
But by necessity conditional.
I will not have to do of such mattere;
My Tale is of a cock, as ye may hear,
That took his counsel of his wife, with sorrow,
To walken in the yard upon the morrow
That he had met the dream, as I you told.
Womennés counsels be full often cold;
Womennés counsel brought us first to woe,
And made Adám from Paradise to go,
There as he was full merry and well at ease:
But for I n'ot to whom I might displease
If I counsél of women wouldé blame—
Pass over, for I said it in my game.
Read authors where they treat of such mattere,
And what they say of women ye may hear;
These be the cockés wordés and not mine;
I can none harm of no womán devine.
  Fair in the sand, to bathe her merrily,
Li'th Partelote, and all her sisters by,
Against the sun, and Chanticleer so free
Sang merrier than the mermaid in the sea,
(For Phisiologus sayeth sikerly
How that they singen well and merrily.)
  And so befell that as he cast his eye
Among the wortés on a butterfly,
He was 'ware of this fox that lay full low:
Nothing ne list him thenné for to crow,

But cried anon, "Cok! cok!" and up he start
As man that was affrayéd in his heart;
For naturally a beast desireth flee
From his contráry if he may it see,
Though he ne'er erst had seen it with his eye.
This Chanticleer, when he 'gan him espy,
He would have fled, but that the fox anon
Said, "Gentle sir, alas! what will ye done?
Be ye afraid of me, that am your friend?
Now certés I were worse than any fiend
If I to you would harm or villainy.
I am not come your counsel to espy,
But truély the cause of my coming
Was only for to hearken how ye sing,
For truély ye have as merry a steven
As any angel hath that is in heaven;
Therwith ye have of music more feeling
Than had Boece, or any that can sing.
My Lord, your father, (God his soulé bless!)
And eke your mother of her gentleness,
Have in my house ybeen, to my great ease,
And certés, sir, full fain would I you please.
But for men speak of singing, I will say,
(So may I brouken well mine eyen tway,)
Save you, ne heard I never man so sing
As did your father in the morrowning;
Certés it was of heart all that he sung;
And for to make his voice the moré strong,
He would so pain him, that with both his eyen
He musté wink, so loud he wouldé crien,
And standen on his tiptoes therewithal,
And stretchen forth his neckė long and small.

And eke he was of such discretión,
That there was no man in no región
That him in song or wisdom mighté pass.
I have well read in Dan Burnel the ass
Among his vers, how that there was a cok,
That, for a priestés son gave him a knock
Upon his leg, while he was young and nice,
He made him for to lose his benefice;
But certain there is no comparison
Betwixt the wisdom and discretión
Of youré father and his subtilty.
Now singeth, sir, for Sainté Charity:
Let see, can ye your father counterfeit?"
  This Chanticleer his wingés 'gan to beat,
As man that could not his treasón espy,
So was he ravish'd with his flattery.
  Alas! ye lordés, many a false flatóur
Is in your court, and many a losengeour,
That pleaseth you well moré, by my faith,
Than he that sóthfastness unto you saith.
Readeth Ecclesiast of flattery:
Beware, ye lordés, of their treachery.
  This Chanticleer stood high upon his toes,
Stretching his neck, and held his eyen close,
And 'gan to crowen loudé for the nones;
And Dan Russéll the fox start up at once,
And by the throat did seizen Chanticleer,
And on his back towárd the wood him bear,
For yet ne was there no man that him sued.
  O destiny! that may'st not be eschew'd,
Alas, that Chanticleer flew from the beams!
Alas, his wife ne raughté not of dreams!

'And on a Friday fell all this mischance.

. . . . . .

Now, goodé men, I pray you, hearkeneth all:
Lo, how Fortúné turneth suddenly
The hope and pride eke of her enemy!
This cock that lay upon the fox's back,
In all his dread unto the fox he spake,
And saidé: "Sir, if that I were as ye,
Yet would I sain, (as wisly God help me)
'Turneth again, ye proudé churlés all,
A very pestilence upon you fall;
Now I am come unto the woodés side,
Maugre your head the cock shall here abide;
I will him eat in faith, and that anon.'"
The fox answer'd: "In faith it shall be done!"
And as he spake the word, all suddenly
The cock broke from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.
And when the fox saw that the cock was gone,
"Alas!" quod he, "O Chanticleer, alas!
I have," quod he, "ydone to you trespáss,
In as much as I makéd you afeard
When I you seized and brought out of your yard;
But, sir, I did it in no wick' intent;
Come down, and I shall tell you what I meant:
I shall say soth to you, God help me so."
"Nay, then," quod he, "I shrew us bothé two;
And first I shrew myself both blood and bones
If thou beguile me oftener than once:
Thou shalt no moré through thy flattery
Do me to sing and winken with my eye,

## Geoffrey Chaucer

For he that winketh when he shouldé see,
All wilfully, God let him never the."
"Nay," quod the fox, "but God give him mischance
That is so indiscreet of governance
That jangleth when that he should hold his peace."
Lo, which it is for to be reckéless
And negligent, and trust on flattery.
But ye that holden this Tale a folly,
As of a fox, or of a cock or hen,
Take the morality thereof, good men;
For Saint Paulé saith that "all that written is,
to our doctrine it is ywritten ywis."
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaff be still.
Now, goodé God, if that it be thy will,
As saith my Lord, so make us all good men,
And bring us to thy highé bliss.—Amen.

—"*The Nun's Priest's Tale*," *in* "*The Canterbury Tales.*"

## *To My Empty Purse*

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear;
I am sorry now that ye be so light,
For certés ye now make me heavy cheer;
Me were as lief be laid upon a bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

Now vouchsafen this day, ere it be night,
That I of you the blissful sound may hear,

Or see your colour like the sunné bright,
That of yellowness ne had never peer;
Ye be my life, ye be my heartés steer;
Queen of comfórt and of good company,
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

Now, purse, that art to me my livés light,
And saviour, as down in this world here,
Out of this towné help me by your might,
Sithen that you will not be my tresór,
For I am shave as nigh as any frere,
But I prayen unto your courtesy,
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

## *Ballad of Women's Doubleness*

This world is full of variance
In everything; who taketh heed,
That faith and trust, and all constance,
Exiléd be, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhead,
I can ysee no sikerness;
But, for all that, yet as I read,
Beware alway of doubleness.

Also that the fresh summer flowers,
The white and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers,
Made faint and fade, withouten ween;

## Geoffrey Chaucer

That trust is none, as ye may seen,
  In no thing, nor no steadfastness,
Except in women, thus I mean;
  Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The crooked moon (this is no tale),
  Some while isheen and bright of hue,
And after that full dark and pale,
  And every moneth changeth new,
That who the very sothé knew
  All thing is built on brittleness,
Save that women always be true;
  Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The lusty freshé summer's day,
  And Phœbus with his beamés clear,
Towardés night they draw away,
  And no longer list t' appear,
That in this present life now here
  Nothing abideth in his fairness,
Save women aye be found entere,
  And devoid of all doubleness.

The sea eke with his sterné wawés
  Each day yfloweth new again,
And by the concourse of his lawés
  The ebbe floweth in certáin;
After great drought there cometh rain;
  That farewell here all stableness,
Save that women be whole and plein;
  Yet aye beware of doubleness.

Fortunés wheel go'th round about
A thousand timés day and night,
Whose course standeth ever in doubt
For to transmue she is so light,
For which adverteth in your sight
Th' untrust of worldly fickleness,
Save women, which of kindly right
Ne hath no touch of doubleness.

What man ymay the wind restrain,
Or holden a snake by the tail?
Who may a slipper eel constrain
That it will void withouten fail?
Or who can driven so a nail
To maké sure newfangleness,
Save women, that can gie their sail
To row their boat with doubleness?

At every haven they can arrive
Whereat they wot is good passáge;
Of innocence they cannot strive
With wawés, nor no rockés rage;
So happy is their lodemanage
With needle' and stone their course to dress,
That Solomon was not so sage
To find in them no doubleness.

Therefore whoso doth them accuse
Of any double intentión,
To speaké rown, other to muse,
To pinch at their conditión,

## Geoffrey Chaucer

All is but false collusión,
I dare right well the soth express;
They have no better protectión,
But shroud them under doubleness.

So well fortunéd is their chance,
The dice to-turnen up so down,
With sice and cinque they can advance,
And then by revolutión
They set a fell conclusión
Of lombés, as in sothfastness,
Though clerkés maken mentión
Their kind is fret with doubleness.

Sampson yhad experience
That women were full true yfound
When Dalila of innocence
With shearés 'gan his hair to round;
To speak also of Rosamond,
And Cleopatra's faithfulness,
The stories plainly will confound
Men that apeach their doubleness.

Single thing is not ypraiséd,
Nor of old is of no renown,
In balance when they be ypesed,
For lack of weight they be borne down,
And for this cause of just reason
These women all of rightwisness
Of choice and free electión
Most love exchange and doubleness.

## L'ENVOI.

O ye women! which be inclinéd
By influence of your natúre
To be as pure as gold yfinéd,
And in your truth for to endure,
Armeth yourself in strong armúre,
(Lest men assail your sikerness,)
Set on your breast, yourself t' assure,
A mighty shield of doubleness.

# John Skelton

## *Ladies' Darling*

My name is Parrot, a byrd of paradise,
By nature deviséd of wondrous kind,
Daintily dieted with divers delicate spice,
Till Euphrates, that floodé, driveth me to Inde,
Where men of that countrey by fortuné me find,
And send me to great ladies of estate.
Then Parrot must have an almon or a date;
A cage curiously carv'n, with silver pin,
Properly painted, to be my coverture;
A mirror of glass, that I may toot therein.
These maidens full meeklý with many a divers flow'r
Freshly they dress and maké sweet my bower.
"Speak, Parrot, I pray you," full curtesly they say:
"Parrot is a goodly byrd, a pretty popagey."
With beak ybent, my little wanton eye,
My feathers fresh as is the emeraud green,
About my neck a circlet like riche ruby,
My little leggés, feet both neat and clean,
I am a minión to wait upon a queen.
"My proper Parrot, my little pretty fool,"
From ladiés I learn, and go with them to school.
"Ha, ha! Parrót, ye can laugh prettily;"
Parrot hath dined of all this longé day.
Like your pusscat Parrot can mute and cry
In Latin, Ebrew, Araby, and Chaldéy.
In Greek tongue Parrot can both speak and say,

As Persius, that poet, doth report of me,
"Quis expedivit psittaco suum chairé?"
The French of Parrysé Parrot can learn,
Pronouncing my purpóse after my property,
With, "Parlez bien, Parrot, ou parlez rien."
With Dutch, with Spanish, my tongue can agree;
In English to God Parrot can supplé:
"Christ save Henry VIII., our royal King,
The redde rose in honour to flourish and to spring!"
—"*Speak, Parrot.*"

## *Fire! Fire!*

SKELTON was an Englishman born as Skogyn was, and he was educated and brought up in Oxford, and there was he made a poet laureate. On time he had been to Abingdon to make merry, where he had eat salt meats; and he did come home late to Oxford, and he did lie in an inn named the Tabor, which is now the Angel. And he did drinke, and went to bed. About middle night he was so thirsty or dry that he was constrained to call to the tapster for drinke; and the tapster heard him not. "Alack," said Skelton, "I shall perish for lack of drinke!" What remede? At the last he did cry out, and said, "Fire! fire! fire!" Skelton heard every man bustle himself upward; and some were naked, and some were half asleep and amazed. And Skelton did cry, "Fire! fire!" still, that every man knew not whither to resort. Then did Skelton go to bed, and the host and hostess, and the tapster with the ostler, did run to Skelton's chamber with candles lighted in their handes, saying, "Where, where, where is the fire?" "Here, here,

here," said Skelton, and pointed his finger to his mouthe, saying, "Fetch me some drinke to quench the fire and the heat and the dryness of my mouthe." And so they did. Wherefore it is good for every man to help his own selfe in time of need with some policy or crafte, so be it there be no deceit or falsehood used!—"*Merry Tales.*"

## Sir Thomas More

### *Disputation Between a Fool and a Friar*

I do not know whether it be worth while to tell what followed, for it was very ridiculous; but I shall venture at it, for as it is not foreign to this matter, so some good use may be made of it.

There was a jester standing by, that counterfeited the fool so naturally that he seemed to be really one; the jests which he offered were so cold and dull that we laughed more at him than at them, yet sometimes he said, as it were by chance, things that were not unpleasant, so as to justify the old proverb, "That he who throws the dice often, will sometimes have a lucky hit." When one of the company had said that I had taken care of the thieves, and the Cardinal had taken care of the vagabonds, so that there remained nothing but that some public provision might be made for the poor whom sickness or old age had disabled from labour, "Leave that to me," said the Fool, "and I shall take care of them, for there is no sort of people whose sight I abhor more, having been so often vexed with them and with their sad complaints; but as dolefully soever as they have told their tale, they could never prevail so far as to draw one penny from me. For either I had no mind to give them anything, or, when I had a mind to do it, I had nothing to give them; and they now know me so well that they will not lose their labour, but let me pass without giving me any trouble, because they hope for nothing—no more, in faith, than if I were a priest. But I would have a law made for

sending all these beggars to monasteries, the men to the Benedictines, to be made lay-brothers, and the women to be nuns."

The Cardinal smiled, and approved of it in jest, but the rest liked it in earnest. There was a divine present, who, though he was a grave, morose man, yet he was so pleased with this reflection that was made on the priests and the monks that he began to play with the Fool, and said to him, "This will not deliver you from all beggars, except you take care of us Friars." "That is done already," answered the Fool, "for the Cardinal has provided for you by what he proposed for restraining vagabonds and setting them to work, for I know no vagabonds like you."

This was well entertained by the whole company, who, looking at the Cardinal, perceived that he was not ill-pleased at it. Only the Friar himself was vexed, as may be easily imagined, and fell into such a passion that he could not forbear railing at the Fool, and calling him knave, slanderer, backbiter, and son of perdition, and then cited some dreadful threatenings out of the Scriptures against him.

Now the jester thought he was in his element, and laid about him freely. "Good Friar," said he, "be not angry, for it is written, 'In patience possess your soul.'" The Friar answered (for I shall give you his own words), "I am not angry, you hangman; at least, I do not sin in it, for the Psalmist says, 'Be ye angry and sin not.'"

Upon this the Cardinal admonished him gently, and wished him to govern his passions. "No, my lord," said he, "I speak not but from a good zeal, which I ought to have, for holy men have had a good zeal, as it is said, 'The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.' And we sing in our church that those who mocked Elisha as he went up to the house

of God felt the effects of his zeal, which that mocker, that rogue, that scoundrel, will perhaps feel."

"You do this, perhaps, with a good intention," said the Cardinal, "but, in my opinion, it were wiser in you, and perhaps better for you, not to engage in so ridiculous a contest with a Fool."

"No, my lord," answered he, "that were not wisely done, for Solomon, the wisest of men, said, 'Answer a Fool according to his folly,' which I now do, and show him the ditch into which he will fall, if he is not aware of it. For if the many mockers of Elisha, who was but one bald man, felt the effect of his zeal, what will become of the mocker of so many Friars, among whom there are so many bald men? We have, likewise, a bull, by which all that jeer us are excommunicated."

When the Cardinal saw that there was no end of this matter he made a sign to the Fool to withdraw, turned the discourse another way, and soon after rose from the table, and, dismissing us, went to hear causes.—"*Utopia.*"

# Nicholas Udall

## *Gossip*

MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST, *spinning on the distaff;* TIBET TALKAPACE, *sewing;* ANNOT AYLFACE, *knitting;* ROYSTER DOYSTER.

*Marg.* If this distaff were spun, Margerie Mumblecrust—

*Tib.* Where good stale ale is, will drink no water, I trust.

*Marg.* Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and white bread.

*Tib.* If she keep not her promise I will beshrew her head;
But it will be stark night before I shall have done.

*Roys.* I will stand here awhile and talk with them anon.
I hear them speak of Custance, which does my heart good;
To hear her name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

*Marg.* Sit down to your work, Tibet, like a good girl.

*Tib.* Nurse, meddle you with your spindle and your whirl.
No haste but good for whip and whirr,
The old proverb doth say, never made good fur.

*Marg.* Well, ye will sit down to your work anon, I trust.

*Tib.* Soft fire maketh sweet malt, good Madge Mumblecrust;

*Marg.* And sweet malt maketh jolly good ale for the nonce,

*Tib.* Which will slide down the lane without any bones.

(*Sings.*)

"Old brown bread crusts must have much good mumbling,
But good ale down your throat has good, easy tumbling."

*Roys.* The jolliest wench that e'er I heard, little mouse,
May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house?

*Tib.* So, sirrah, now this gear beginneth for to frame.

*Marg.* Thanks to God, though your work stand still, your tongue is not lame.

*Tib.* And though your teeth be gone both so sharp and fine,
Yet your tongue can run on patins as well as mine.

*Marg.* Ye were not for naught named Tibet Talkapace.

*Tib.* Does my talk grieve you, alack, God save your grace!

*Marg.* I hold a groat you will drink anon for this gear;

*Tib.* And I will not pray you the stripes for me to bear.

*Marg.* I hold a penny you will drink without a cup.

*Tib.* Wherein soe'er ye drink, I wot ye drink all up.

*Annot.* By cock, and well sewed, my good Tibet Talkapace.

*Tib.* And e'en as well knit, my own Annot Aylface.

*Roys.* See what a sort she keepeth that must be my wife!
Shall not I, when I have her, lead a merry life?

*Tib.* Welcome, my good wench, and sit here by me just.

*Annot.* And how doth our old beldame here, Madge Mumblecrust?

*Tib.* Chides, and finds fault, and threatens to complain;

*Annot.* To make us poor girls shent to her is small gain.

*Marg.* I did neither chide, nor complain, nor threaten.

*Roys.* It would grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.

*Marg.* I did nothing but bid her work and hold her peace.

*Tib.* So would I, if you could your clattering cease,
But the devil cannot make old trot hold her tongue.

## Nicholas Udall

*Annot.* Let all these matters pass, and we three sing a song.
So shall we pleasantly both the time beguile now,
And eke despatch all our work ere we can tell how.
—"*Ralph Royster Doyster.*"

## Sir Philip Sidney

### *On Plays*

Our tragedies and comedies are not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting "Gorboduc." For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and by common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined. You shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberal, for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses, she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man; falls in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense can imagine and art hath taught.—"*Defense of Poesy.*"

## Sir John Harrington

### *Of a Precise Tailor*

A TAILOR, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The fiends of hell, mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian.
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he showed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "truly";
And, zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And, lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,

And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff.
His man, espying it, said, in derision,
"Master, remember how you saw the vision!"
"Peace, knave!" quoth he; "I did not see one rag
Of such a coloured silk in all the flag."

## *Of a Certain Man*

THERE was (not certain when) a certain preacher
That never learned, and yet became a teacher,
Who, having read in Latin thus a text
Of *erat quidam homo,* much perplext,
He seemed the same with studie great to scan,
In English thus: *There was a certain man.*
But now (quoth he), good people, note you this:
He saith there *was*—he doth not say there *is;*
For in these days of ours it is most plain
Of promise, oath, word, deed, no man's certain;
Yet by my text you see it comes to pass
That surely once a certain man there was;
But yet, I think, in all your Bible no man
Can find this text, *There was a certain woman.*

## William Shakespeare

### *Dogberry's Charge to the Watch*

DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* WATCH.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

*1st Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

*2d Watch.* Both which, master constable—

*Dogb.* You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*2d Watch.* How, if a' will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

*2d Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*2d Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*2d Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2d Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*2d Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'T is very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him; marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By 'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

*2d Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.—"*Much Ado About Nothing.*"

## *Dogberry Administers Justice*

CONRADE, BORACHIO, DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEXTON, *and the* WATCH.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain. We have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con., Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God. And write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will

go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

*1st Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down—Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*2d Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed!

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*1st Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

*2d Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was

in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. (*Exit.*)

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! Where's the sexton? Let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! You are an ass! you are an ass!

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass!—But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—Oh, that I had been writ down an ass!

—"*Much Ado About Nothing.*"

## William Shakespeare

### *The Tinker's Dream*

*Before an Ale-house on a Heath.*

SLY *and* HOSTESS.

*Sly.* I'll pheese you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y're a baggage: the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa!*

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. (*Exit.*)

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. (*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*)

*Enter a* LORD, *with* HUNTSMEN.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is embossed;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*1st Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool! if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*1st Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

*2d Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

*1st Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

*2d Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

. . . . . .

*A Bed-chamber in the* LORD'S *House.*

SLY, *in a rich night-gown;* SERVANTS; LORD, *disguised as an attendant.*

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale!

*1st Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

*2d Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

*3d Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me "honour," nor "lordship"; I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infuséd with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What! Would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. Here's—

*1st Serv.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

*2d Serv.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop!

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject, lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays, (*Music.*)

And twenty cagéd nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground;
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*1st Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathéd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

*2d Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis paintéd by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiléd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3d Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

*1st Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'erran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again a pot o' the smallest ale.

*2d Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

(SERVANTS *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*)

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restored!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap!
But did I never speak of all that time?

*1st Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

*3d Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckoned up—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thankéd for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter* PAGE, *as a lady.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband; I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

## William Shakespeare

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

—"*The Taming of the Shrew*" (*Prologue*).

## *Launcelot Gobbo's Conscience*

*Launcelot.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo"; or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack—something grow to—he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well." "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who—God bless the mark!—is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my

conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

—"*The Merchant of Venice.*"

## *Valorous Jack Falstaff*

FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, POINS, PRINCE HENRY, PETO, *and* FRANCIS, *with wine.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? (*Drinks.*)

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan—that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help, the while, a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack? What mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat-paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack.—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. (*Drinks.*) A plague of all cowards, still say I!

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? Taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum.* I never dealt

better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*P. Hen.* Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*P. Hen.* What, four? Thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

*Fal.* What! art thou mad, art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack—your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-

pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish! Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile—

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct;

the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. (*To Hostess within.*) Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! Shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content. And the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

—"*First Part of King Henry IV.*"

## *Madness With a Method*

POLONIUS *and* HAMLET, *reading.*

*Pol.* How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God-'a'-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion— Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? (*Aside.*) Still harping on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir. For the satirical slave says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber or plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams. All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am: if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* (*aside*). Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out o' the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. (*Aside.*) How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I

will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!—"*Hamlet.*"

## *Rosalind's Suit in the Forest*

ROSALIND *and* ORLANDO.

*Ros.* (*aside*). I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest: else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you, who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* Here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one

another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not (but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose shall be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good

sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do. And the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

—"*As You Like It.*"

## *The "Retort Courteous"*

*Touchstone.* I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself; this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome": and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct." . . . I durst go no farther than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct"; and so we measured swords, and parted. . . . We quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel. But when the parties were met

themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *If you said so, then I said so.* And they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

—"*As You Like It.*"

## *The Lost Drum*

BERTRAM *and two* FRENCH LORDS.

*1st Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

*2d Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*1st Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*1st Lord.* Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*2d Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*2d Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*1st Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the

leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

*2d Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*1st Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*2d Lord.* A pox on't! Let it go: 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

*2d Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening. And I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

. . . . . .

FRENCH LORD, *with* SOLDIERS *in ambush.*

*Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless

some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*1st Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

*1st Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

*1st Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

*Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lord* (*aside*). This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossi-

bility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, "Came you off with so little"? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? What's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*Lord* (*aside*). Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lord* (*aside*). We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

*Lord* (*aside*). 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

*Lord* (*aside*). 'Twould hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

*Lord* (*aside*). How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathoms.

*Lord* (*aside*). Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

*Lord* (*aside*). You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's!

(*Alarum within.*)

*Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* Oh, ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.

(SOLDIERS *seize and blindfold him.*)

*1st Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know, you are the Musko's regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me.
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

*1st Sold.* *Boskos vauvado.*
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.
*Kerelybonto*—sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh!

*1st Sold.* Oh, pray, pray, pray!
*Manka revania dulche.*

*Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

*1st Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* Oh, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

*1st Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*1st Sold.* *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou art granted space.

(*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*)

*Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

*2d Sold.* Captain, I will.

*Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves. Inform on that.

*2d Sold.* So I will, sir.

*Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely locked.

—"*All's Well That Ends Well.*"

# Francis Bacon

## *Aphorisms from the "Essays"*

ALL colours will agree in the dark.

This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

Whosoever esteemeth too much of an amourous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.

Money is like muck: not good except it be spread.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, and no rest.

Old men object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon.

To take advice of some few friends is ever honourable; for lookers-on many times see more than gamesters.

Suspicions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that which he doth not.

## Beaumont and Fletcher

### *Chivalrous Adventures of an Apprentice*

CITIZEN, *a grocer; his* WIFE; RALPH, *their head apprentice;* TIM *and* GEORGE, *apprentices.*

*Cit.* Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. Mark you, Ralph, do not strain yourself too much at the first. Peace! Begin, Ralph.

*Ralph* (*reads*). *Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her that is worth the greatest lord in the world"; and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him beside his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon beside his horse, with his neck broken in the fall, so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me."* I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels that go in quest of their knights.

*Wife.* Faith, husband, and Ralph says true, for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him.

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue! On, Ralph.

*Ralph.* And certainly those knights are much to be commended who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

*Wife.* Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

*Ralph.* There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age; they will call one the son of a sea-cook, that Palmerin of England would have called fair sir; and one that Rosicler would have called right beautiful damsel, they will call old witch.

*Wife.* I'll be sworn will they, Ralph. They have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.

*Ralph.* But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flapet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling Methridatam and Dragons' Water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and through his noble achievements procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

*Cit.* Well said, Ralph. Some more of those words, Ralph.

*Wife.* They go finely, by my troth.

*Ralph.* Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for among all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer errant. I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim shall be my

trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a burning pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek. Ralph! Tim!

*Tim.* Anon.

*Ralph.* My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but the Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but fair lady, if she have her desires; if not, distressed damsel; that you call all forests and heaths, deserts; and all horses, palfreys.

*Wife.* This is very fine! Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

*Cit.* Ay, I warrant thee, the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

*Ralph.* My beloved Squire Tim, stand out! Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim.* Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?

*Ralph.* No, thus: Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound—whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise.

*Cit.* Dunder blockhead cannot remember.

*Wife.* I' faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him. Did he not, gentlemen—did not Ralph tell him on't?

*George.* Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burn-

ing Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

*Wife.* That's a good boy. See, the little boy can hit it. By my troth it's a fine child.

*Ralph.* Relieve her with all courteous language. Now shut up shop: no more my 'prentice, but my trusty squire and dwarf, I must bespeak my shield, and arming pestle.

. . . . . .

RALPH, HUMPHREY, CITIZEN, WIFE, *and* SQUIRE.

*Ralph.* What knight is that, squire? Ask him if he keep
The passage bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant.

*Hum.* Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, upon yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suffered (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That while I live I shall think of that meeting.

*Wife.* Ay, Ralph; he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an' thou spar'st him, Ralph, I would thou wert hang'd.

*Cit.* No more, wife—no more.

*Ralph.* Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great 'venture of the purse
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

*Enter* JASPER *and* LUCE.

*Hum.* Here comes the broker hath purloined my treasure.

*Ralph.* Go, squire, and tell him I am here,

An errant knight at arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.

*Squire.* From the knight that bears
The golden pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.

*Jasp.* Tell the knight that sent thee
He is an ass, and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece.

*Ralph.* Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

*Wife.* Break his pate, Ralph—break his pate, Ralph, soundly!

*Jasp.* Come, knight, I'm ready for you; now your pestle
(*Snatches away pestle from* RALPH.)
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
With that he stood upright in his stirrups,
And gave the knight of the calves-skin such a knock,
That he forsook his horse and down he fell,
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet—

*Hum.* Nay, an' my noble knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run—
(*Exeunt* HUMPHREY *and* RALPH.)

*Wife.* Run, Ralph! Run, Ralph! Run for thy life, boy! Jasper comes! Jasper comes!

*Jasp.* Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you. Humphrey and Golden Pestle, both adieu.
(*Exeunt* JASPER *and* LUCE.)

*Wife.* Sure the devil, God bless us! is in this springald. Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake? I am afraid

my boy's miscarried. If he be, though he were Master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

*Cit.* No, no, I have found out the matter, sweetheart. Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted. He could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can stand in my Lord Mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet. Be no more vexed, for it shall be so.

*Enter* RALPH, DWARF, MISTRESS MERRY-THOUGHT, *and* MICHAEL.

*Wife.* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee; how dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? The foul great lunges laid unmercifully on thee! There's some sugar-candy for thee; proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

*Cit.* If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.

*Mist. Mer.* Truly, Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

*Mich.* Indeed, la mother, and I'm very hungry.

*Ralph.* Take comfort, gentle dame, and your fair squire,
For in this desert there must needs be placed
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights,
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

*Wife.* Well said, Ralph. George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

*Cit.* Yes, duck.

*Wife.* I shall ne'er forget him. When we had lost our

child, you know it was strayed almost alone to Puddle Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a sculler. Ralph was the most comfortablest to me. "Peace, mistress," says he; "let it go, I'll get you another as good." Did he not, George? Did he not say so?

*Cit.* Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

*Dwarf.* I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed.

*Squire.* Why, we are at Waltham town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

*Dwarf.* Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire;
I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights errant entertain;
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests:
The first, high Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets;
The second, named Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full filléd, and no froth therein;
The third a gentle squire Ostlero called,
Who will our palfries slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.

*Wife.* That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a grout-nold.

*Ralph.* Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance.

*Enter* TAPSTER.

*Tap.* Who's there? You're welcome, gentlemen. Will you see a room?

*Dwarf.* Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the squire Tapstero.

*Ralph.* Fair squire Tapstero, I, a wandering knight,
Called of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought,
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels, and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

*Tapst.* An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome.

. . . . . .

HOST, RALPH, *and* OTHERS.

*Host.* Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff
At the north end of this distresséd town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave,
In which an ugly giant now doth dwell,
Yclepéd Barbaroso. In his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turned up; and he before him wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres,
And ladies gent. Without his door doth hang
A copper basin, on a prickant spear;
At which, no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair;

Then, with an engine which he hath prepar'd
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bore,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
While with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

*Ralph.* In God's name, I will fight with him, kind sir.
Go but before me to this dismal cave
Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And by that virtue that brave Rosiclere
That wicked brood of ugly giant slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

*Host.* Brave, sprighted knight, thus far I will perform
This your request; I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

*Ralph.* Saint George! set on! Before march squire and page.

. . . . . .

RALPH, HOST, SQUIRE, DWARF, CITIZEN, *and* WIFE.

*Host.* Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is—
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are!
Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights.

I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. (*Exit* HOST.)

*Ralph.* Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk Street, for whose sake
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deed,
And in the honour of thy beauteous self
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso.
Knock, squire, upon the basin till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

*Enter* BARBAROSO.

*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now, Ralph, for thy life!

*Bar.* What fond, unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell,
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

*Ralph.* I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent,
And errant knights, traitor to God and men,
Prepare thyself! This is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly, treacherous villainies.

*Bar.* Foolhardy knight, full soon thou shalt repent
This fond reproach. Thy body will I bang,
(*He takes down his pole.*)
And lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang.
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

*Ralph.* Saint George for me! (*They fight.*)

*Bar.* Gargantua for me!

*Wife.* To him, Ralph—to him! Hold up the giant! Set out thy leg before, Ralph!

*Cit.* Falsify a blow, Ralph—falsify a blow! The giant lies open on the left side.

*Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off still—there, boy! Oh, Ralph's almost down—Ralph's almost down!

*Ralph.* Susan, inspire me, now have up again.

*Wife.* Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph. Down with him—down with him, Ralph!

*Cit.* Fetch him over the hip, boy!

*Wife.* There, boy; kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

*Cit.* No, Ralph, get all out of him first.

*Ralph.* Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee. The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villainies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, whither it must go,
What captives hold'st thou in thy sable cave?

*Bar.* Go in and free them all; thou hast the day.

*Ralph.* Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

(*Exeunt* SQUIRE *and* DWARF.)

*Bar.* I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

*Ralph.* Thou show'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any.
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter* SQUIRE, *leading* 1*st* KNIGHT, *with a basin under his chin.*

*Squire.* Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

*Wife.* This is the wisest word I hear the squire speak.

*Ralph.* Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign punishment.

*1st Knight.* I am a knight that took my journey post
Northward from London, and in courteous wise
This giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied,
And with a water washed my tender eyes—
Whilst up and down about me still he skipt—
Whose virtue is, that till my eyes be wip'd
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

*Wife.* Alas, poor knight! Relieve him, Ralph—relieve poor knights whilst you live!

*Ralph.* My trusty squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair knight.

(*Exit* 1st KNIGHT.)

*Enter* DWARF, *leading* 2d KNIGHT, *with a patch over his nose.*

*Dwarf.* Puissant knight, of the Burning Pestle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scotch'd and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

*Ralph.* Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

*2d Knight.* I am a knight, Sir Partle is my name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors

Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache,
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Light at this cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands.
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands.

*Wife.* Good Ralph, relieve Sir Partle, and send him away, for in truth his breath stinks.

*Ralph.* Convey him straight after the other knight. Sir Partle, fare you well.

*2d Knight.* Kind sir, good night. (*Exit.*)

(*Voices within.*) Deliver us!

*Wife.* Hark, George, what a woful cry there is! I think some one is ill there.

(*Voices within.*) Deliver us!

*Ralph.* What ghastly noise is this? Speak, Barbaroso,
Or by this blazing steel thy head goes off.

*Bar.* Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

*Ralph.* Run, squire and dwarf—deliver them with speed!

. . . . . .

RALPH *and* LADY.

*Lady.* Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia, unto me Pompiona,
His daughter dear. But sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

*Ralph.* Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness.
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,
For using errant knight with courtesy.

*Lady.* But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth?

*Ralph.* My name is Ralph. I am an Englishman,
As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strand,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take,
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

*Lady.* Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and Nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Ralph.* Lady, 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better Nipitato than there is.

*Lady.* And of a wildfowl he will often speak,
Which powdered beef and mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

*Ralph.* I am a knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady

That trust in Antichrist, and false traditions.
Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms, and Susan is her name;
A cobbler's maid in Milk Street, whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, while life and pestle last.

*Lady.* Happy that cobbling dame, who'er she be,
That for her own—dear Ralph!—hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.

*Ralph.* Lady, farewell. I must needs take my leave.

*Lady.* Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive.

*Ralph.* Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid:
There's twelve pence for your father's chamberlain,
And there's another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve pence for your father's horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my horse back; and for his butter,
There is another shilling; to the maid
That wash'd my boot-hose, there's an English groat,
And twopence to the boy that wip'd my boots.
And last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Threepence to buy you pins at Bumbo Fair.

*Lady.* Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.

*Ralph.* Advance, my squire and dwarf. I cannot stay.

*Lady.* Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away.

—"*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*"

# Thomas Dekker

## *Obedient Husbands*

THERE is a humour incident to a woman, which is, when a young man hath turmoiled himself so long that with much ado he hath gotten into marriage, and hath perhaps met with a wife according to his own desire, and perchance such an one that it had been better for him had he lighted on another, yet he likes her so well that he would not have missed her for any gold; for, in his opinion, there is no woman like unto her. He hath a great delight to hear her speak, is proud of his match, and is, peradventure, withal of so sheepish a nature, that he has purposed to govern himself wholly by her counsel and direction, so that if any one speak to him of a bargain, or whatsoever other business, he tells them that he will have his wife's opinion on it, and if she be content, he will go through with it; if not, then will he give it over.

Thus he is as tame and pliable as a jackanapes to his keeper. If the Prince set forth an army, and she be unwilling that he should go, who (you may think) will ask her leave, then must he stay at home, fight who will for the country. But if she be desirous at any time to have his room (which many times she likes better than his company), she wants no journey to employ him in, and he is as ready as a page to undertake them. If she chide, he answers not a word; generally, whatsoever she does, or howsoever, he thinks it well done.

Judge, now, in what a case this silly calf is! Is not he,

think you, finely dressed, that is in such subjection? The honestest woman and most modest of that sex, if she wear the breeches, is so out of reason in taunting and controlling her husband—for this is their common fault—and be she never so wise, yet a woman, scarce able to govern herself, much less her husband and all his affairs; for, were it not so, God would have made her the head. Which, since it is otherwise, what can be more preposterous than that the head should be governed by the foot?

If, then, a wise and honest woman's superiority be unseemly, and breed great inconvenience, how is he dressed, think you, if he light on a fond, wanton, and malicious dame? Then doubtless he is soundly sped. She will keep a sweetheart under his nose, yet is he so blind that he can perceive nothing. But, for more security, she will many times send him packing beyond sea, about some odd errand that she will buzz in his ears, and he will perform it at her pleasure, though she send him forth at midnight, in hail, rain, and snow, for he must be a man for all weathers.

Their children, if they have any, must be brought up, apparelled, taught, and fed according to her pleasure, and one point of their learning is always to make no account of their father. Finally, she orders all things as she thinks best herself, making no more account of him, especially if he be in years, than men do of an old horse that is put to labour. Thus is he mewed up, plunged in a sea of cares; and yet he, kind fool, deems himself most happy in his happiness, wherein he must now perforce remain while life doth last, and pity it were he should want it, since he likes it so well.—*"The Bachelor's Banquet."*

# Ben Jonson

## *The Braggart Turns Tail*

*Captain* BOBADILL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, MATHEW, EDWARD KNOWELL, DOWNRIGHT.

*Wel.* Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir (*to* STEPHEN), but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

*Step.* My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

*Bob.* Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Wellbred's sake—you may embrace it at what height of favour you please—I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

*E. Know.* And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you.

*Mat.* But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

*Step.* Aye, truly, sir; I am mightily given to melancholy.

*Mat.* Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

*E. Know.* (*aside*). Sure, he utters them then by the gross.

*Step.* Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

*E. Know.* I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

*Mat.* Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

*Step.* I thank you, sir; I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

*Mat.* That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

*Wel.* (*aside*). Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire among them! I might see self-love burn for her heresy.

*Step.* Cousin, is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

*E. Know.* Oh, aye, excellent!

*Wel.* Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

*E. Know.* He is melancholy, too.

*Bob.* Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

*E. Know.* In what place, captain?

*Bob.* Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer, that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of —what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

*Step.* So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

*E. Know.* Then, you were the servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

*Bob.* Oh, Lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

*E. Know.* 'Twas pity you had not ten—a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

*Mat.* Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

*Step.* So I do.

*Bob.* I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

*E. Know.* (*aside*). You must bring me to the rack, first.

*Bob.* Observe me judicially, sweet sir. They had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner—a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think—confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

*Wel.* To the sword? To the rapier, captain!

*E. Know.* Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir. But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

*Bob.* Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. (*Shews his rapier.*) It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em. I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

. . . . . .

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

*E. Know.* We were now speaking of him. Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you, too.

*Mat.* Oh, aye, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

*Bob.* Aye, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that. You shall kill him beyond question if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. (*Fences.*)

*Bob.* Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh, it must be done like lightning, hay! (*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*)

*Mat.* Rare, captain!

*Bob.* Tut! 'tis nothing, an 't be not done in a——punto.

*E. Know.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

*Mat.* Oh, good sir! yes, I hope he has.

*Bob.* I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

*E. Know.* So, sir, then you tried their skill?

*Bob.* Alas, soon tried. You shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention which have since purchased a credit to admiration. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? Because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

*E. Know.* This is as strange and barbarous as ever I heard.

*Bob.* Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary; where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for them. Yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

*E. Know.* Aye, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it if it were so.

*Bob.* Alas, no? What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

*E. Know.* Oh, but your skill, sir.

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal: I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but

were I known to her Majesty and the lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*E. Know.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir: I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy. They could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day—that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentlemanlike carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

*E. Know.* Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

*Bob.* Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you!

*E. Know.* I would not stand in Downright's state, then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

*Bob.* Why, sir, you mistake me. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind. But I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

*E. Know.* 'Od's, so, look where he is! Yonder he goes.

(DOWNRIGHT *crosses the stage.*)

*Dow.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

*Bob.* It is not he, is it?

*E. Know.* Yes, faith, it is he.

*Mat.* I'll be hanged, then, if that were he.

*E. Know.* Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

*Step.* Upon my reputation, it was he.

*Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so. But I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

*E. Know.* That I think, sir.

*Re-enter* DOWNRIGHT

But see, he is come again.

*Dow.* Oh, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

*Bob.* Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me——

*Dow.* Draw your weapon, then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on it till now— Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now

as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

*Dow.* 'Sdeath! you will not draw, then?

(*Disarms and beats him.* MATHEW *runs away.*)

*Bob.* Hold, hold! Under thy favour, forbear!

*Dow.* Prate again, as you like this, you bastard foist you! You'll control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. (*Exit.*)

*Bob.* Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

*E. Know.* No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other; but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

*Bob.* I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

*E. Know.* Aye, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passados, and your montantos, I'll none of them. (*Exit* BOBADILL.) Oh, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures, that nature should be at leisure to make them!

—"*Every Man in his Humour.*"

## Ben Jonson

### *Cupid*

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,
Calléd love, a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is Venus' runaway.

He hath of marks about him plenty;
Ye shall know him among twenty;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet;
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait;
Not a kiss, but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

## *Rules for the Tavern Academy*

As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
  Except some chance friend whom a member brings in.
Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot,
  For such have the plagues of good company been.

Let the learnéd and witty, the jovial and gay,
  The generous and honest, compose our free state;
And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,
  Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

Let no scent offensive the chamber infest;
  Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes;
Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
  And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
  To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride;
Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses;
  Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

Let our wines, without mixture or stum, be all fine,
  Or call up the master and break his dull noddle;

## Ben Jonson

Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

Let the contests be rather of books than of wine;
Let the company be neither noisy nor mute;
Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss;
With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

Let raillery be without malice or heat;
Dull poems to read let none privilege take;
Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve;
For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

## *The Wonderful Beauty Powder*

*Volpone.* Lady, I kiss your bounty, and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto, of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature which shall make you for ever enamoured on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder concealed in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man, which some call life, to the expression of it. Would I reflect on the price? Why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you it is the powder that made Venus a goddess, given her by Apollo, that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, coloured her hair, from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the Court of France, but much sophisticated, wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me, extracted to a quintessence; so that, wherever it but touches in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as coal.—"*Volpone.*"

## Ben Jonson

### *The Knightly Rhymester*

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICŒNE.

*Cler.* Pray, Mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave. Do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

*Epi.* They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

*Daup.* His vain-glories, lady!

*Daw.* Show them, show them, mistress; I dare own them.

*Epi.* Judge you, what glories.

*Daw.* Nay, I'll read them myself, too; an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of modesty:

"Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er."

*Daup.* Very good.

*Cler.* Aye, is't not?

*Daw.* "No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one."

*Daup.* Excellent!

*Cler.* That again, I pray, Sir John.

*Daup.* It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

*Cler.* Peace.

*Daw.* "No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays;

And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee."

*Daup.* Admirable!

*Cler.* How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

*Daup.* Aye, 'tis Seneca.

*Cler.* No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

*Daw.* The door on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it. They are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder, those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

*Cler.* They are very grave authors.

*Daw.* Grave asses! Mere essayists! A few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age. I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

*Daup.* Indeed, Sir John!

*Cler.* He must needs—living among the wits and braveries, too.

*Daup.* Aye, and being president of them, as he is.

*Daw.* There's Aristotle, a mere commonplace fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot—sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

*Cler.* What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

*Daw.* Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old, tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

*Cler.* I think so.

*Daw.* And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucian, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest.

*Cler.* What a sack full of their names he has got!

*Daup.* And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

*Cler.* Was not the character right of him?

*Daup.* As could be made, i' faith.

*Daw.* And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

*Daup.* Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

*Daw.* Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the King of Spain's Bible——

*Daup.* Is the King of Spain's Bible an author?

*Cler.* Yes, and Syntagma.

*Daup.* What was that Syntagma, sir?

*Daw.* A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

*Daup.* Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

*Cler.* Aye, both the Corpuses; I knew 'em. They were very corpulent authors.

*Daw.* And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha. The other are not to be received, within the thought of a scholar.

*Daup.* (*aside*). 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady—in titles.

*Cler.* I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

*Daup.* He is one extraordinary.

*Cler.* Nay, but in ordinary. To say truth, the state wants such.

*Daup.* Why, that will follow.

*Cler.* I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant.

*Daw.* 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence, too.

*Daup.* In verse, Sir John?

*Cler.* What else?

*Daup.* Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

*Daw.* Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet. You have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets; they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

*Daup.* Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

*Cler.* No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! He did not make them to that end, I hope.

*Daup.* And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

*Cler.* Aye, he profest himself; but Sir John Daw has more caution; he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

*Daw.* "Silence in woman is like speech in man;
Deny 't who can."

*Daup.* Not I, believe it. Your reason, sir?

*Daw.* "Nor is't a tale,
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be.
You shall it see
Proved with increase;
I know to speak, and she to hold her peace."

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

*Daup.* No, faith. How mean you with increase, Sir John?

*Daw.* Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but consents.

*Daup.* Then this is a ballad of marriage?
*Cler.* A madrigal of marriage—you mistake.
—"*The Silent Woman.*"

## *Truewit Tells the True Way to Woo*

TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE.

*True.* Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer and her shoe the thinner; if a fat hand and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves; if a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

*Cler.* Oh, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and——

*True.* Aye, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an ostrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet and number in the voice; they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

*Daup.* How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

*True.* Yes, but you must leave to live in your chamber,

then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes; thither they come to show their new tires, too, to see and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wife, to please a man, comes not down-dropping from the ceiling as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

*Daup.* Yes, and be never the nearer.

*True.* Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

*Cler.* He says true to you, Dauphine.

*Daup.* Why?

*True.* A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall; for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostende, you saw, was taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust; even the best delight to feel themselves that way rubbed. With praises you must mix kisses, too; if they take any, any'll take more; though they strive, they would be overcome.

*Cler.* Oh, but a man must beware of force!

*True.* It is to them an acceptable rudeness, and has oftttimes the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been kissed, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face is assuredly sad at the heart.

*Cler.* But all women are not to be taken all ways.

*True.* 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant girl, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why, she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many, that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you dislike fighting. If activity, be seen on your barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned counsel about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, etc. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise anything, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots, and say they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her. Like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea, the whole

family, and salute them by their names; 'tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so. Make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher, her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

*Daup.* On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

*True.* Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

*Daup.* Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

*True.* With which of them, I prithee?

*Daup.* With all the collegiates.

*Cler.* Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable.

*True.* No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too.—*"The Silent Woman."*

## *Discoveries Upon Men and Matter*

*Waste of Time.*—What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner

*Recklessness.*—Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way; but "The devil take all!" quoth he that was choked in the mill-dam, with his four last words in his mouth.

*Speed.*—A cripple in the way out-travels a footman or a post out of the way.

*Tiresome People.*—A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleep, nature itself, with all her benefits, to shun him. A mere impertinent; one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. He opened an entry into a fair room, but shut it again presently. I spoke to him of garlic, he answered asparagus; consulted him of marriage, he tells me of hanging, as if they went by one and the same destiny.

*Loud Pedantry.*—What a sight it is to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like, fighting as for their fires and their altars; and angry that none are frightened at their noises and loud brayings under their asses' skins!

*Affected Wit.*—I do hear them say often some men are not witty, because they are not everywhere witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose! I think the eyebrow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else, are as necessary and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural; right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted; no beauty to be had but in

wresting and writhing our own tongue! Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet-bags, and night-dressings, which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

*Criticism of Poetry.*—Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended and cried up for the best writings which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot.

*Effeminacy.*—There is nothing valiant or solid to be hoped for from such as are always kempt and perfumed, and every day smell of the tailor; the exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the morphew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, or making the waist small, binding it with hoops, while the mind runs at waste; too much pickedness is not manly. Not from those that will jest at their own outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their pride, lust, envy, ill-nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger, for while they think to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes and outward ornaments, they use but a commission to deceive themselves: where, if we will look with our understanding, and not our senses, we may behold virtue and beauty (though covered with rags) in their brightness; and vice and deformity so much the fouler, in having all the splen-

dour of riches to gild them, or the false light of honour and power to help them. Yet this is that wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on—clothes and titles, the birdlime of fools.

*Vanity.*—What petty things they are we wonder at, like children that esteem every trifle, and prefer a fairing before their fathers! What difference is between us and them but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like; we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings, but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt, and all for money. What a thin membrane of honour that is! And how hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any! Yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree—to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it, while yet it is possessed with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

*Hearsay News.*—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the Great Mogul, who could both write and read, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him; that he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor Castle and carrying it away on his back if he can.

# John Milton

## *On Freedom of Print and Belief*

THE Popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with, till Martin the Fifth by his Bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books. For about that time Wyclif and Huss growing terrible, were they who first drove the papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting; which course Leo the Tenth and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth or perfected those catalogues and expurging indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb. Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to their palate they either condemned in a prohibition, or had it straight into the new purgatory of an Index. To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the Press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. . . .

Thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up, and drawn as lineally as any pedigree.

We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient State, or polity, or Church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors, elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most anti-christian Council and the most tyrannous Inquisition that ever inquired. Till then books were ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb; no envious Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring. But if it proved a monster, who denies but that it was justly burnt, or sunk into the sea? But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Rhadamanth and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provoked and troubled at the first entrance of reformation, sought out new limboes and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up and so ill-favouredly imitated by our inquisiturient bishops and the attendant minorities their chaplains. . . .

I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and

license it like our broadcloth and our wool-packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more when, as debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible gaoler in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, when, as in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither, when as those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labours we should hope better, and of

the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well-nigh made all other books unsalable, should not be armour enough against one single enchiridion, without the Castle St. Angelo of an imprimatur. . . .

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their religion. There be —who knows not that there be?—Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many peddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What

should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he, therefore, but resolve to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs, some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and, indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual movable, and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem. His religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.—"*Areopagitica.*"

## *Epitaph for an Old University Carrier*

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay

## John Milton

Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time,
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive away the time, he sicken'd,
Fainted, died, nor would with ale be quicken'd.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More weight!"
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase*.
His letters are deliver'd all and gone;
Only remains this superscription.

## Andrew Marvell

### *Parody on a Speech from the Throne by Charles II*

My Lords and Gentlemen:

I told you, at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that you may rely upon me. I will never break it.

My lords and gentlemen, I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord-treasurer does protest to me that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you; I am under bad circumstances. Here is my lord-treasurer can tell that all the money designed for next summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling-clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by

the bye; I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: It seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it: Pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more. So that, if you stick not to me, you must not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it.

If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my sons from popery, and I may say without vanity, it was my own work. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings!

I must now acquaint you that, by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff.

## Sir John Suckling

### *The Pale Lover*

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her—
The devil take her!

### *The Constant Lover*

Out upon it! I have lov'd
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fine weather.

## Sir John Suckling

Time shall moult away his wings,
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays
  Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least, ere this,
  A dozen dozen in her place!

## Samuel Butler

### *The Logic and Rhetoric of Hudibras*

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

## Samuel Butler

But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich:
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnéd pedants much affect.
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em—
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

—*" Hudibras."*

## *Hudibras' Religion*

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;

## Samuel Butler

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.

—*"Hudibras."*

## *Dialogue with an Infernal Elf*

Quoth he, "I am resolved to be
Thy scholar in this mystery,
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?" "A livelihood."
"What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?" "Great gains."
"What's tender conscience?" "'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, despatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore."
"What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?" "To be paid."
"What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?" "A good living."
"What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?" "Administ'rings."
"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?"
"About two hundred pounds a-year."
"And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again?" "Two hundred more."
"What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?" "Food and clothes."
"What laws and freedom, persecution?"
"Being out of power, and contribution."
"What makes a church a den of thieves?"
"A dean and chapter, and white sleeves."
"And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?" "Our own."
"What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time—
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?"
"'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;

And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse;
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do."
"What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?"
"'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity,
And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none."
"It is enough," quoth he, "for once,
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave's name to our Old Nick,
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness."

—"*Hudibras.*"

# Samuel Pepys

## *Extracts from the Diary*

### *A Christening*

Rose early, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day. To dinner at Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that ate wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10*s.* and the nurse 5*s.* and the maid of the house 2*s.* But for as much I expected to give the name to the child, but did not (it being called John), I forbore then to give my plate.

### *On Dress*

This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet. . . .

To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12 and for myself £55,

or thereabouts; having had made for myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist; with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof costs me £3 and the other 40*s*. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.

### *A Prize Fight*

ABROAD, and stopped at Bear-garden stairs, there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see two men fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it, to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the battle broke up, and so I away.

### *On Plays and Music*

WITH my wife to the King's house to see "The Virgin Martyr," the first time it hath been acted a great while; and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did

please me beyond anything in the whole world, was the wind-music when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolved to practise wind-music, and to make my wife do the like. . . .

Creed and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, up to the balcony-box, where we did find my Lady Castlemaine and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw "The Impertinents" once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the house do this day cry up the play more than yesterday! And I for that reason like it, I find, the better, too. By Sir Positive At-all, I understand is meant Sir Robert Howard. My Lady pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off of her face, and put it into her mouth, and wetted it and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. . . .

Meeting Dr. Gibbons, he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abbey, the Bishop of Rochester's, where he lives like a great prelate, his lodg-

ings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady, of whom the *Terræ Filius* of Oxford was once so merry, and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough, and therefore I will not have it. To the nursery where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so.

### *Shaving*

Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day!

## Abraham Cowley

### *A Lover's Chronicle*

Margarita first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast—
  Margarita first of all;
But awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
  Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
  Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
  To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
  Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
  And cast away her yoke.

Mary, then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
  Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
  And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reignéd in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:

Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
  Save me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then
And a third Mary, next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long *et-cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
  (Numberless, nameless mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid,
  I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weathers that befell),
  Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present Empress doth claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant her long to reign!

## *A Great Man's Day*

With us, generally, no condition passes for servitude that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince, the groom, the gentleman, and the lord are as much servants one as the other. The circumstantial difference of the one getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich and gaudy livery. I do not say that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependence upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power.

Let us begin with the great man by break of day, for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors, and the hall and ante-chambers (all the outworks) possessed by the

enemy. As soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he please all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all the company. A hundred businesses of other men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like dors.

Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory—and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all Nature. The earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men who look like masters attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*. It is crowded with people for whom he cares not; with many parasites, and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests — the endeavourers to be witty.

But everybody pays him great respect, everybody commends his meat—that is, his money; everybody admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it—that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; everybody loves his hospitality—that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest innkeeper who provides a public table for his profits should

be but of a mean profession, and he who does it for his honour a munificent prince. You'll say, because one sells and the other gives. Nay, both sell, though for different things—the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If, then, his table be made a snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his liberty, where can he hope for freedom? There is always and everywhere some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door. And if the person be *Pan huper sebastos*, there's a *Huper superlative* ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate—as if there were such rules set to these leviathans as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.—"*Essay on Liberty.*"

## William Wycherly

### *The Frenchified Englishman*

GERRARD, MARTIN *and* MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

*Mons.* 'Tis veritable, *jarni!* what de French say of you Englis: you use de drink so much, it cannot have wid you de French operation; you are never enjoyee. But come, let us be for once *infiniment gaillard,* and sing a French sonnet. (*Sings*) *"La bouteille, la bouteille, glou, glou!"*

*Mar.* (*to* GERRARD). What a melodious fop it is!

*Mons.* Auh! you have no complaisance.

*Ger.* No, we can't sing, but we'll drink to you the lady's health, whom, you say, I have so long courted at your window.

*Mons.* Auh! dere is your complaisance. All your Englis complaisance is pledging complaisance, *ventre!* But if I do you reason here (*takes the glass*), will you do me reason to a little French *chanson à boire?* I shall begin to you? (*Sings*) *"La bouteille, la bouteille."*

*Mar.* (*to* GERRARD). I had rather keep company with a set of wide-mouthed, drunken cathedral choristers.

*Ger.* Come, sir, drink, and he shall do you reason to your French song, since you stand upon't.—Sing him "Arthur of Bradley," or "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

*Mons.* Auh! *tête bleu!* An Englis catch! Fy! Fy! *Ventre!*

*Ger.* He can sing no damned French song.

*Mons.* Nor can I drink the damned Englis wine. (*Sets down the glass.*)

*Ger.* Yes, to that lady's health, who has commanded me to wait on her to-morrow at her window. I will be an easy fool for once.

*Mar.* By all means, go.

*Mons.* *Oui, oui.* By all means, go. Ha! ha! ha!

*Ger.* Come—'tis to her health!

*Mons.* And to your good reception—*tête bleu!*

*Ger.* Well, monsieur, I'll say this for thee: thou hast made the best use of three months at Paris that ever English squire did.

*Mons.* Considering I was in a damn Englis pension, too.

*Mar.* Yet you have conversed with some French, I see—footmen, I suppose, at the fencing-school? I judge it by your oaths.

*Mons.* French footmen! Well, well, I had rather have de conversation of a French footman dan of an Englis squire; dere's for you——

*Mar.* I beg your pardon, monsieur, I did not think the French footmen had been so much your friends.

*Ger.* Yes, yes, I warrant they have obliged him at Paris more than any of their masters did. Well, there shall be no more said against the French footmen.

*Mons.* *Non, de grace!* You are always turning de nation *française* into ridicule, dat nation so accomplee, dat nation which you imitate so, dat in the conclusion you butte turn yourself into ridicule, *ma foi!* If you are for de raillery, abuse de Dutch—why not abuse de Dutch? *Les gros vilains, pendards,* insolents! But here in your England, *ma foi!* you have more *honneur,* respect, and estimation for de

Dutch swabber, who come to cheat your nation, dan for de French footman, who come to oblige your nation.

*Mar.* Our nation! Then you disown it for yours, it seems.

*Mons.* Well, wat of dat? Are you de disobligee by dat?

*Ger.* No, monsieur, far from it; you could not oblige us or your country any other way than by disowning it.

*Mons.* It is de brutal country, which abuse de France, and reverence de Dutch. I will maintain, sustain, and justifee, dat one little French footman have more *honneur, courage,* and generosity, more good blood in his vaines, an mush more good manners and civility, dan all de State-General together, *jarni!* Dey are only wise and valiant wen dey are drunkee.

*Ger.* That is, always.

*Mons.* But dey are never honest wen dey are drunkee; dey are de only rogue in de warld dat are not honest wen dey are drunkee—*ma foi!*

*Ger.* I find you are well acquainted with them, monsieur.

*Mons. Oui, oui.* I have made the tour of Holland, but it was *en poste.* Dere was no staying for me, *tête, non!* For de gentleman can no more live dere dan de toad in Ir'land, *ma foi!* For I did not see on' *chevalier* in de whole countree. Alway you know de rebel hate de *gens de qualité.* Besides, I have made sufficient observation of the *canaille barbare* de first nightee of my arrival at Amsterdamme. I did visit, you must know, one of de principal of de State-General, to whom I had recommendation from England, and did find his Excellence weighing soap, *jarni!* Ha! ha! ha!

*Ger.* Weighing soap!

*Mons.* Weighing soap, *ma foi,* for he was a wholesale

chandeleer; and his lady was taking de tale of chandels wit her own witer hands, *ma foi!* And de young lady, his Excellence daughter, stringing harring—stringing harring, *jarni!*

*Ger.* So! And what were his sons doing?

*Mons.* Auh! his son—for he had but one—was making de tour of France, *Espagne,* Italy, and Germany, in a coach and six; or rader, now I tink on't, gone of an embassy to dere master Cromwell, whom dey did love and fear, because he was someting de greater rebelle. But now I talk of de rebelle, none but de rebelle can love de rebelle. And so mush for you and your friend de Dutch. I'll say no more, but pray, do you say no more of my friend de French, not so much as of my friend, de French footman——

*Ger.* No, no. But, monsieur, now give me leave to admire you, that in three months at Paris you could renounce your language, drinking, and your country—for which we are not angry with you, as I said—and come home so perfect a Frenchman, that the draymen of your father's own brew-house would be ready to knock you on the head.

*Mons.* Vel, vel, my fadder was a merchant of his own beer, as the *noblesse* of France of their own wine. But I can forgive you dat raillery, since you say I have de *air français.* But have I de *air français?*

*Ger.* As much as any French footman of them all.

*Mons.* And do I speak agreeable ill Englis enough?

*Ger.* Very ill.

*Mons. Véritablement?*

*Ger. Véritablement.*

*Mons.* For you must know, 'tis as ill breeding now to speak good Englis as to write good Englis, good sense, or a good hand.

*Ger.* But, indeed, methinks you are not slovenly enough for a Frenchman.

*Mons.* Slovenly? You mean negligent.

*Ger.* No, I mean slovenly.

*Mons.* Den I will be more slovenly.

*Ger.* You know, to be a perfect Frenchman, you must never be silent, never sit still, and never be clean.

—*"The Gentleman Dancing Master."*

## *Politeness Plausible*

MANLY *and* LORD PLAUSIBLE.

*Man.* Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies, your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another—not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

*Plaus.* Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate; and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

*Man.* Let'm. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me.

*Plaus.* What! will you be singular then, like nobody—follow, love, and esteem nobody?

*Man.* Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

*Plaus.* Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend——

*Man.* With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn; call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common wenches and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

*Plaus.* Such as I! Heavens defend me! Upon my honour——

*Man.* Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

*Plaus.* Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

*Man.* What, you were afraid?

*Plaus.* No. But seriously, I hate to do a rude thing; no, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

*Man.* I thought so. But know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I, that can do a rude thing rather than an unjust thing.

*Plaus.* Well, tell me not, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man, to disparage myself; for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour; and, truly, to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

*Man.* Very well. But I, that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom

indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

*Plaus.* I would not have my visits troublesome.

*Man.* The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. A pox! why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another man's business?

*Plaus.* I beg your pardon, my dear friend. What, you have business?

*Man.* If you have any, I would not detain your lordship.

*Plaus.* Detain me, dear sir! I can never have enough of your company.

*Man.* I'm afraid I should be tiresome; I know not what you think.

*Plaus.* Well, dear sir, I see you'd have me gone.

*Man.* (*aside*). But I see you won't go.

*Plaus.* Your most faithful——

*Man.* God be w'ye, my lord.

*Plaus.* Your most humble——

*Man.* Farewell.

*Plaus.* And eternally——

*Man.* And eternally ceremony—(*Aside.*) Then the devil take thee eternally.

*Plaus.* You shall use no ceremony, by my life.

*Man.* I do not intend it.

*Plaus.* Why do you stir, then?

*Man.* Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes.

*Plaus.* Nay, faith, that shall not pass upon your most faithful humble servant.

*Mon.* (*aside*). Nor this any more upon me.

*Plaus.* Well, you are too strong for me.

*Man.* (*aside*). I'd sooner be visited by the plague; for that only would keep a man from visits, and his doors shut.

(*Exit, thrusting out* Lord Plausible.)

—"*The Plain Dealer.*"

## *The Duplicate Letter*

Lord Plausible *and* Boy.

*Plaus.* Little gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant. Where, I beseech you, is that divine person, your noble lady?

*Boy.* Gone out, my lord; but commanded me to give you this letter. (*Gives him a letter.*)

*Enter* Novel.

*Plaus.* Which he must not observe.

(*Aside. Puts it up.*)

*Nov.* Hey, boy, where is thy lady?

*Boy.* Gone out, sir; but I must beg a word with you. (*Gives him a letter, and exit.*)

*Nov.* For me? So. (*Puts up the letter.*) Servant, servant, my lord; you see the lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

*Plaus.* Sir, I humbly beseech you not to censure the lady's good breeding; she has reason to use more liberty with me than with any other man.

*Nov.* How, viscount, how?

*Plaus.* Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in choler; where there is most love, there may be most freedom.

*Nov.* Nay, then 'tis time to come to an *éclaircissement* with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this lady's love.

*Plaus.* Why, under correction, dear sir?

*Nov.* There are reasons—reasons, viscount.

*Plaus.* What, I beseech you, noble sir?

*Nov.* Prithee, prithee, be not impertinent, my lord; some of you lords are such conceited, well-assured, impertinent rogues.

*Plaus.* And your noble wits are so full of shamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

*Nov.* Well, you shall find me wedded with this lady one of these days.

*Plaus.* Nay, I beseech you, spare the lady's honour; for hers and mine will be all one shortly.

*Nov.* Prithee, my lord, be not an ass. Dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such encouragements——

*Plaus.* I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

*Nov.* What, not like mine! Come to an *éclaircissement*, as I said.

*Plaus.* Why, seriously, then, she has told me viscountess sounded prettily.

*Nov.* And me that Novel was a name she would sooner change hers for than any title in England.

*Plaus.* She has commended the softness and respectfulness of my behaviour.

*Nov.* She has praised the briskness of my raillery, of all things, man.

*Plaus.* The sleepiness of my eyes she liked.

*Nov.* Sleepiness? Dulness, dulness! But the fierceness of mine she adored.

*Plaus.* The brightness of my hair she liked.

*Nov.* The brightness? No, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness and lustre of mine she admired.

*Plaus.* The gentleness of my smile.

*Nov.* The subtilty of my leer.

*Plaus.* The clearness of my complexion.

*Nov.* The redness of my lips.

*Plaus.* The whiteness of my teeth.

*Nov.* My jaunty way of picking them.

*Plaus.* The sweetness of my breath.

*Nov.* Ha! ha! Nay, then she abused you, 'tis plain; for you know what Manly said: the sweetness of your pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! Ha! ha! ha! Your breath is such, man, that nothing but tobacco can perfume; and your complexion nothing could mend but the small-pox.

*Plaus.* Well, sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, sir, she has received some jewels from me of value.

*Nov.* And presents from me; besides what I presented her jauntily, by way of ombre, of three or four hundred

pounds' value, which I'm sure are the earnest-pence for our love-bargain.

*Plaus.* Nay, then, sir, with your favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, sir, she has writ to me——

*Nov.* How! how! Well, well, and so she has to me; look you there——

(*Deliver to each other their letters.*)

*Plaus.* What's here?

*Nov.* How's this?

(*Reads out.*) *My dear Lord: You'll excuse me for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the drawing-room; where I expect you with as much impatience as when I used to suffer Novel's visits—the most impertinent fop that ever affected the name of a wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounced an old lover, and will do all the world. Burn the letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your*—OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

*Plaus.* I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

*Nov.* (*reads the other letter*). Hum! ha!—*meet—for your sake*—hum—*quitted an old lover—world—burn—in your heart—with your*—OLIVIA. Just the same, the names only altered.

*Plaus.* Surely there must be some mistake, or somebody has abused her and us.

*Nov.* Yes, you are abused, no doubt on't, my lord; but I'll to Whitehall, and see.

*Plaus.* And I, where I shall find you are abused.

*Nov.* Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with fellow-sufferers enough. For, as Freeman said of another, she stands in the drawing-room, like the glass, ready for all comers, to set their gallantry by her; and, like the glass, too, lets no man go from her unsatisfied with himself.—*"The Plain Dealer."*

## John Dryden

### *Character of Zimri (the Duke of Buckingham)*

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy,
Railing, and praising, were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

—*"Absalom and Achitophel."*

# John Dryden

## *Mac Flecknoe*

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire and had govern'd long,
In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried: "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,

Thoughtless as monarch oakes that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling late, the lute I whilom strung
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge,
And, big with hymn, commander of an host;
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wieldst thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own 'Psyche's' rhyme,
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
And vowed he ne'er would act Vilerius more."
Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for joy,

In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays persuade
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd),
An ancient fabric rais'd to inform the sight
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.
Near it a Nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed and future heroes bred,
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanished minds;
Pure clinches the suburbian muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flay of sense,
To whom true dulness should some "Psyches" owe,
But worlds of "Misers" from his pen should flow;
"Humourists" and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of fame, the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.

No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain,
And, in his father's right and realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit or truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
"Love's Kingdom" to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded "Psyche" sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.

The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness. Long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son! From Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond 'Love's Kingdom' let him stretch his pen!"
He paus'd, and all the people cried "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou from me
Pangs without birth and fruitless industry.
Let 'Virtuoso's' in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writers' wit.
Yet still the fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose

To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best and top, and in each line
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.
Sir Formal, though unfought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy name to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let Father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
When made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etheridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil on waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;

## John Dryden

Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou setst thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satyrs never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does not touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

## *The Scholar's Wife*

To a deep scholar said his wife:
"Would that I were a book, my life!
On me, then, you would sometimes look.
But I should wish to be the book
That you would mostly wish to see.
Then say, what volume should I be?"
"An Almanack," said he, "my dear;
You know we change them every year."

## William Congreve

### *The Country Squire in London*

MRS. MARALL, PETULANT, WITWOUD, SIR WILFUL WITWOUD, *and* FOOTMAN.

*Wit.* In the name of Bartlemew and his fair, what have we here?

*Mrs. Mar.* 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

*Wit.* (*aside*). Not I. Yes, I think he is it. I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

*Foot.* (*to Sir* WILFUL). Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company, if you please to walk in in the meantime.

*Sir Wil.* Dressing! What, it's but morning here, I warrant, with you in London. We should count it toward afternoon in our parts, down in Shropshire. Why, then, belike my aunt hasn't dined yet—ha, friend?

*Foot.* Your aunt, sir?

*Sir Wil.* My aunt, sir—yes, my aunt, sir. Your lady is my aunt, sir. Why, what, dost thou not know me, friend? Why, then, send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

*Foot.* A week, sir; longer than anybody in the house, except my lady's woman.

*Sir Wil.* Why, then, belike thou dost not know thy lady when thou seest her—ha, friend?

*Foot.* Why, truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning before she is dressed. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

*Sir Wil.* Well, prithee, try what thou canst do. If thou canst not guess, inquire her out—dost hear, fellow? And tell her her nephew, Sir Wilful Witwoud, is in the house.

*Foot.* I shall, sir.

*Sir Wil.* Hold ye—hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear. Prithee, who are these gallants?

*Foot.* Really, sir, I can't tell; there come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. (*Exit.*)

*Sir Wil.* Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling. I don't think a' knows his own name.

*Mrs. Mar.* Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behindhand in forgetfulness. I fancy he has forgot you, too.

*Wit.* I hope so. The devil take him that remembers first, I say.

*Sir Wil.* Save you, gentleman and lady!

*Mrs. Mar.* For shame, Mr. Witwoud! why don't you speak to him? And you, sir?

*Wit.* Petulant, speak.

*Pet.* And you, sir.

*Sir Wil.* No offence, I hope. (*Salutes* MRS. MARALL.)

*Mrs. Mar.* No, sure, sir.

*Wit.* This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha! ha! ha! To him—to him, Petulant; smoke him!

*Pet.* It seems as if you had come a journey, sir. H'm, h'm. (*Surveying him round.*)

*Sir Wil.* Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

*Pet.* No offence, I hope, sir.

*Wit.* Smoke the boots—the boots, Petulant—the boots! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Wil.* Maybe not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir.

*Pet.* Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

*Sir Wil.* Why, 'tis like you may, sir. If you are not satis-

fied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable you may inquire further of my horse, sir.

*Pet.* Your horse, sir! Your horse is an ass, sir!

*Sir Wil.* Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

*Mrs. Mar.* The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir. (*Aside.*) S'life, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find each other out. (*Aloud.*) You must not take anything amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends here, though it may be you don't know it. If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilful Witwoud.

*Sir Wil.* Right, lady; I am Sir Wilful Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to anybody, I hope, and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

*Mrs. Mar.* Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

*Sir Wil.* H'm, why, sure, 'tis not. Yea, by'r Lady, but 'tis—s'heart, I know not whether 'tis or no—yea, but 'tis, by the wrekin, Brother Anthony! What, Tony, i' faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r Lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravatted and so beperiwigged. S'heart, why dost not speak? Art thou overjoyed?

*Wit.* Odso, brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

*Sir Wil.* Your servant! Why yours, sir? Your servant again—s'heart, and your friend and servant to that—and a—and a—flap-dragon for your service, sir! And a hare's-foot for your service, sir, an you be so cold and so courtly!

*Wit.* No offence, I hope, brother.

*Sir Wil.* S'heart, sir, but there is, and much offence! Is this your inns-o'-court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders and your betters?

*Wit.* Why, brother Wilful of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you, 'tis not

modish to know relations in town; you think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet. 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not, indeed, dear brother.

*Sir Wil.* The fashion's a fool, dear brother, and you're a fop. S'heart, I've suspected this. By'r Lady, I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write on a scrap of paper gilt 'round the edges, no bigger than a subpœna. I might expect this when you left off "Honoured brother," and "Hoping you are in good health," and so forth—to begin with a "Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch"—'od's heart, and then tell me a familiar tale of a cock and a bull and a bottle, and so conclude. You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pimple-Nose, the attorney, at Furnival's inn; you could entreat to be remembered then to your friends. We could have gazettes then, and Dawks's "News Letter," and the "Weekly Bill," till of late.

*Pet.* S'life, Witwoud, were you ever an attorney's clerk? —of the family of the Furnival? Ha! ha! ha!

*Wit.* Aye, aye, but that was but for a while; not long, not long. Pshaw! I was not in my own power then—an orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; aye, aye, I was glad to consent to that man, to come to London; he had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound apprentice to a felt-maker in Shrewsbury; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

*Sir Wil.* S'heart, and better than be bound to a maker of fops, where, I suppose, you have served your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

*Mrs. Mar.* You intend to travel, sir, as I'm informed.

*Sir Wil.* Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

*Pet.* And the wind serve.

*Sir Wil.* Serve, or not serve, I sha'n't ask licence of you, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam; yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts, if an how that the peace holds, whereby, that is, taxes abate.

*Mrs. Mar.* I thought you had designed for France at all adventures.

*Sir Wil.* I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand still; I shall, then; if I say't, I'll do't; but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French, as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

*Mrs. Mar.* Here's an academy in town for that use.

*Sir Wil.* There is? 'Tis like there may.

*Mrs. Mar.* No doubt you will return very much improved.

*Wit.* Yes, refined, like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing.

*Enter* LADY WISHFORT *and* FAINALL.

*Lady Wish.* Nephew, you are welcome.

*Sir Wil.* Aunt, your servant.

*Fain.* Sir Wilful, your most faithful servant.

*Sir Wil.* Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

*Lady Wish.* Cousin Witwoud, your servant. Mr. Petulant, your servant. Nephew, you are welcome again. Will

you drink anything after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

*Sir Wil.* I'm very well, I thank you, aunt. However, I thank you for your courteous offer. S'heart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion, too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony, belike. I mayn't call him brother, for fear of offence.

*Lady Wish.* Oh, he's a railer, nephew — my cousin's a wit; and your wits always rally their best friends when they choose. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better.

*Sir Wil.* Why, then, let him hold his tongue in the meantime, and rail when that day come.

—*"The Way of the World."*

## *An Old Man's Young Passion*

ANGELICA *and* SIR SAMPSON.

*Sir Samp.* I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while—odd, madam, you have revived me!—not since I was five-and-thirty.

*Ang.* Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that is not long ago.

*Sir Samp.* Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

*Ang.* You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

*Sir Samp.* Not at all, madam; odsbud you wrong me. I am not so old, neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. Odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can

serve a lady any way. Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth, you do! Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

*Ang.* Fifty a contemptible age! Not at all; a very fashionable age, I think. I assure you, I know very considerable beaux that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out-blossom five-and-twenty.

*Sir Samp.* Outsides, outsides; a pize take 'em, mere outsides! Hang your side-box beaux! No, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-lived race, and inherit vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty, yet they begot sons and daughters till fourscore. I am of your patriarchs; I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? Or——

*Ang.* No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands. I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

*Sir Samp.* Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should! (*Aside.*) Odd, would she would like me, then I should hamper my young rogues. Odd, would she would; faith and troth she's devilish handsome! (*Aloud.*) Madam, you deserve a good husband, and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging—that is, a very young fellow. Pize on 'em! they never think beforehand of anything; and

if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder—out of a frolic, and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law, the next morning. Odso, have a care, madam.

*Ang.* Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson. I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense. For I would neither have an absolute wit nor a fool.

*Sir Samp.* Odd, you are hard to please, madam. To find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a wit and a fool.

*Ang.* She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding; and she that marries a very witty man is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such a one in my power; but I would no more be his wife than his enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion than his jealousy is of his love.

*Sir Samp.* None of old Foresight's Sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart! I hate a wit. I had a son that was spoiled among 'em; a good, hopeful lad, till he learned to be a wit—and might have risen in the state. But a cox on't! his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

*Ang.* Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

*Sir Samp.* How, madam! Would I could prove it!

*Ang.* I can tell you how that may be done. But it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

*Sir Samp.* (*aside*). Odsbud, I believe she likes me! (*Aloud.*) Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit. If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern Empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

*Ang.* Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

*Sir Samp.* Odd, madam, I love you! And if you would take my advice in a husband——

*Ang.* Hold, hold, Sir Sampson! I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent. I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about your son, for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me. You know he has long pretended a passion for me.

*Sir Samp.* Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—if we were to go through with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on? Odd, let it be a real contract.

*Ang.* Oh, fy, Sir Sampson! What would the world say?

*Sir Samp.* Say! They would say you were a wise woman and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die.

*Ang.* Aye, but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson; for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

*Sir Samp.* Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage! Faith and troth, I like you the better. But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of myself. Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

*Ang.* Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me.

*Sir Samp.* Oh, rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match, then?

*Ang.* Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

*Sir Samp.* With all my heart; come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond. You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man; odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear. Odd, you're devilish handsome. Faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I'm very young, and very lusty. Odsbud, hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I. Odd, I think we are very well met. Give me your hand, odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what? Odd, as t'other hand; give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble 'em and kiss 'em till they melt in my mouth.

*Ang.* Hold, Sir Sampson; you're profuse of your vigour before your time. You'll spend your estate before you come to it.

*Sir Samp.* No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions. Ha! baggage! I warrant you for little Sampson. Odd, Sampson's a very good name for an able fellow; your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

*Ang.* Have a care, and don't overact your part. If you

remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last.

*Sir Samp.* Say you so, hussy? Come, let's go, then. Odd, I long to be pulling too; come away.—"*Love for Love.*"

## Daniel Defoe

### *Friday's Conflict with the Bear*

But never was a fight managed so hardily, and in such a surprising manner, as that between Friday and the bear, which gave us all—though at first we were surprised and afraid for him—the greatest diversion imaginable.

My man Friday had delivered our guide, and when we came up to him he was helping him off from his horse, for the man was both hurt and frightened, and indeed the last more than the first, when on a sudden we espied the bear come out of the wood, and a vast, monstrous one it was, the biggest by far that ever I saw. We were all a little surprised when we saw him; but when Friday saw him, it was easy to see joy and courage in the fellow's countenance. "Oh, oh, oh!" says Friday three times, pointing to him; "oh, master! you give me te leave, me shakee te hand with him; me makee you good laugh."

I was surprised to see the fellow so pleased. "You fool!" said I, "he will eat you up." "Eatee me up! eatee me up!" says Friday twice over again; "me eatee him up; me makee you good laugh; you all stay here, me show you good laugh." So down he sits, and gets his boots off in a moment, and puts on a pair of pumps (as we call the flat shoes they wear, and which he had in his pocket), gives my other servant his horse, and with his gun away he flew, swift like the wind.

The bear was walking softly on, and offered to meddle with nobody, till Friday, coming pretty near, calls to him

as if the bear could understand him, "Hark ye, hark ye," says Friday, "me speakee with you." We followed at a distance, for now, being come down to the Gascony side of the mountains, we were entered a vast, great forest, where the country was plain and pretty open, though it had many trees in it scattered here and there. Friday, who had, as we say, the heels of the bear, came up with him quickly, and took up a great stone and threw it at him, and hit him just on the head, but did him no more harm than if he had thrown it against a wall; but it answered Friday's end, for the rogue was so void of fear that he did it purely to make the bear follow him and show us some laugh, as he called it. As soon as the bear felt the stone, and saw him, he turns about and comes after him, taking very long strides, and shuffling on at a strange rate, so as would have put a horse to a middling gallop. Away runs Friday, and takes his course as if he ran toward us for help; so we all resolved to fire at once upon the bear, and deliver my man; though I was angry at him heartily for bringing the bear back upon us, when he was going about his own business another way; and especially I was angry that he had turned the bear upon us and then run away; and I called out, "You dog!" said I, "is this your making us laugh? Come away, and take your horse, that we may shoot the creature." He heard me, and cried out, "No shoot! no shoot! stand still, you get much laugh." And as the nimble creature ran two feet for the beast's one, he turned on a sudden on one side of us, and seeing a great oak-tree fit for his purpose, he beckoned us to follow; and doubling his pace, he got nimbly up the tree, laying his gun down upon the ground, at about five or six yards from the bottom of the tree.

The bear soon came to the tree, and we followed at a

distance. The first thing he did, he stopped at the gun, smelled at it, but let it lie, and up he scrambles into the tree, climbing like a cat, though so monstrous heavy. I was amazed at the folly, as I thought it, of my man, and could not for my life see anything to laugh at yet, till, seeing the bear get up the tree, we all rode near to him.

When we came to the tree, there was Friday got out to the small end of a large limb of the tree, and the bear got about half-way to him. As soon as the bear got out to that part where the limb of the tree was weaker, "Ha!" says he to us, "now you see me teachee the bear dance"; so he began jumping and shaking the bough, at which the bear began to totter, but stood still, and began to look behind him, to see how he should get back; then, indeed, we did laugh heartily. But Friday had not done with him by a great deal. When seeing him stand still, he called out to him again, as if he had supposed the bear could speak English, "What, you no come farther? Pray you come farther." So he left jumping and shaking the bough; and the bear, just as if he had understood what he had said, did come a little farther. Then he began jumping again, and the bear stopped again. We thought now was a good time to knock him on the head, and called to Friday to stand still, and we would shoot the bear; but he cried out earnestly, "Oh, pray! oh, pray! no shoot! me shoot by-and-then." He would have said by-and-by.

However, to shorten the story, Friday danced so much, and the bear stood so ticklish, that we had laughing enough indeed, but still could not imagine what the fellow would do; for first we thought he depended upon shaking the bear off; and we found the bear was too cunning for that too; for he would not go out far enough to be thrown down, but

clung fast with his great broad claws and feet, so that we could not imagine what would be the end of it, and what the jest would be at last. But Friday put us out of doubt quickly; for, seeing the bear cling fast to the bough, and that he would not be persuaded to come any farther, "Well, well," says Friday, "you no come farther, me go; you no come to me, me come to you." And upon this he went out to the smaller end of the bough, where it would bend with his weight, and gently let himself down by it, sliding down the bough till he came near enough to jump down on his feet, and away he ran to his gun, took it up, and stood still. "Well," said I to him, "Friday, what will you do now? Why don't you shoot him?" "No shoot," says Friday, "no yet; me shoot now, me no kill; me stay, give you one more laugh." And, indeed, so he did, as you will see presently. For when the bear saw his enemy gone, he came back from the bough where he stood, but did it very cautiously, looking behind him every step, and coming backward till he got into the body of the tree. Then, with the same hinder end foremost, he came down the tree, grasping it with his claws, and moving one foot at a time, very leisurely. At this juncture, and just before he could set his hind feet upon the ground, Friday stepped up close to him, clapped the muzzle of his piece into his ear, and shot him dead as a stone. Then the rogue turned about to see if we did not laugh; and when he saw we were pleased by our looks, he began to laugh very loud. "So we kill bear in my country," says Friday. "So you kill them?" says I; "why, you have no guns." "No," says he, "no gun, but shoot great much long arrow."

—*"Robinson Crusoe."*

# Daniel Defoe

## *The Education of Women*

A WOMAN well-bred and well-taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and "the devil."

—*"An Essay upon Projects."*

## *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*

Let us examine the reasons the Dissenters pretend to give why we should be favourable to them, why we should continue and tolerate them among us.

First, they are very numerous, they say; they are a great part of the nation, and we cannot suppress them.

To this may be answered:

1. They are not so numerous as the Protestants in France, and yet the French King effectually cleared the nation of them at once, and we do not find he misses them at home.

But I am not of the opinion they are so numerous as is pretended. Their party is more numerous than their persons, and those mistaken people of the Church who are misled and deluded by their wheedling artifices to join with them, make their party the greater; but those will open their eyes when the Government shall set heartily about the work, and come off from them, as some animals, which, they say, always desert a house when it is likely to fall.

2. The more numerous the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress them; and God has suffered us to bear them as goads in our sides, for not utterly extinguishing them long ago.

3. If we are to allow them only because we cannot suppress them, then it ought to be tried whether we can or no; and I am of opinion it is easy to be done, and could prescribe ways and means, if it were proper. But I doubt not

the Government will find effectual methods for the rooting the contagion from the face of this land.

Another argument they use, which is this: That it is a time of war, and we have need to unite against the common enemy.

We answer: This common enemy had been no enemy if they had not made him so. He was quiet, in peace, and no way disturbed or encroached upon us, and we know no reason we had to quarrel with him.

But, further, we make no question but we are able to deal with this common enemy without their help. But why must we unite with them because of the enemy? Will they go over to the enemy, if we do not prevent it by a union with them? We are very well contented they should, and make no question we shall be ready to deal with them and the common enemy too, and better without them than with them.

Besides, if we have a common enemy, there is the more need to be secure against our private enemies. If there is one common enemy, we have the less need to have an enemy in our bowels.

It was a great argument some people used against suppressing the old money, that it was a time of war, and it was too great a risk for the nation to run. If we should not master it, we should be undone; and yet the sequel proved the hazard was not so great but it might be mastered, and the success was answerable. The suppressing the Dissenters is not a harder work, nor a work of less necessity to the public. We can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down like the old money. . . .

The representatives of the nation have now an opportunity. The time is come which all good men have wished for, that the gentlemen of England may serve the Church of England, now they are protected and encouraged by a Church of England Queen.

"What will you do for your sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?"

If ever you will establish the best Christian Church in the world;

If ever you will suppress the spirit of enthusiasm;

If ever you will free the nation from the viperous brood that have so long sucked the blood of their mother;

If ever you will leave your posterity free from faction and rebellion—this is the time.

This is the time to pull up this heretical weed of sedition, that has so long disturbed the peace of our Church and poisoned the good corn.

But, says another hot and cold objector, this is renewing fire and faggot, reviving the Act "Of Burning Heretics"; this will be cruelty in its nature, and barbarous to all the world.

I answer, it is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbours to destroy those creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do.

Serpents, toads, vipers, etc., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life; these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass.

Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some

beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them advantages of ground; but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise.

I do not describe fire and faggot, but, as Scipio said of Carthage, "Carthage must be destroyed"; they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own. As for the manner, I leave it to those hands who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the Church's enemies.

But if we must be frightened from this justice under the specious pretences and odious sense of cruelty, nothing will be effected. It will be more barbarous to our own children and dear posterity, when they shall reproach their fathers, as we do ours, and tell us: "You had an opportunity to root out this cursed race from the world, under the favour and protection of a true English Queen, and out of your foolish pity you spared them, because, forsooth, you would not be cruel; and now our Church is suppressed and persecuted, our religion trampled under foot, our estates plundered, our persons imprisoned and dragged to gaols, gibbets, and scaffolds. Your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction; your mercy to them proves cruelty to your poor posterity."

How just will such reflections be, when our posterity shall fall under the merciless clutches of this uncharitable generation; when our Church shall be swallowed up in schism, faction, enthusiasm, and confusion; when our Government shall be devolved upon foreigners, and our monarchy dwindled into a republic.

It would be more rational for us, if we must spare this generation, to summon our own to a general massacre, and as we have brought them into the world free, send them out

so, and not betray them to destruction by our supine negligence, and then cry it is mercy.

Moses was a merciful meek man, and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three-and-thirty thousand of his dear Israelites, that were fallen into idolatry? What was the reason? It was mercy to the rest to make these examples, to prevent the destruction of the whole army.

How many millions of future souls we save from infection and delusion if the present race of poisoned spirits were purged from the face of the land!

It is vain to trifle in this matter, the light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, etc.; it is their glory and their advantage. If the gallows instead of the counter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over; they that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged.

If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.

To talk of five shillings a month for not coming to the Sacrament, and one shilling per week for not coming to church—this is such a way of converting people as never was known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why do not we give them full licence? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it; for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the Government.

## Daniel Defoe

If it be a crime of the highest consequence, both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offences, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church, against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for five shillings! This is such a shame to a Christian Government that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against God, affront His ordinances, rebel against His Church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors, let them suffer as such capital crimes deserve. So will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united.

It is high time for the friends of the Church of England to think of building up and establishing her in such a manner that she may be no more invaded by foreigners, nor divided by factions, schisms, and error.

If this could be done by gentle and easy methods, I should be glad; but the wound is corroded, the vitals begin to mortify, and nothing but amputation of members can complete the cure; all the ways of tenderness and compassion, all persuasive arguments, have been made use of in vain.

The humour of the Dissenters has so increased among the people, that they hold the Church in defiance, and the house of God is an abomination among them. Nay, they have brought up their posterity in such prepossessed aversions to our holy religion, that the ignorant mob think we are all idolaters and worshippers of Baal, and account it a sin to come within the walls of our churches.

The primitive Christians were not more shy of a heathen temple, or of meat offered to idols, nor the Jews of swine's flesh, than some of our Dissenters are of the Church, and the divine service solemnised therein.

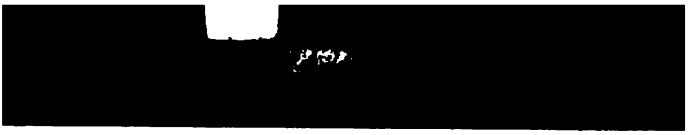
This obstinacy must be rooted out with the profession of it. While the generation are left at liberty daily to affront God Almighty, and dishonour His holy worship, we are wanting in our duty to God and our mother the Church of England.

How can we answer it to God, to the Church, and to our posterity, to leave them entangled with fanaticism, error, and obstinacy, in the bowels of the nation—to leave them an enemy in their streets, that in time may involve them in the same crimes and endanger the utter extirpation of religion in the nation.

What is the difference betwixt this and being subjected to the power of the Church of Rome, from whence we have reformed? If one be an extreme on one hand, and one on another, it is equally destructive to the truth to have errors settled among us, let them be of what nature they will.

Both are enemies of our Church and of our peace, and why should it not be as criminal to admit an enthusiast as a Jesuit? Why should the papist, with his seven sacraments, be worse than the Quaker with no sacraments at all? Why should religious houses be more intolerable than meeting-houses? Alas, the Church of England! What with popery on one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves!

Now let us crucify the thieves. Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies, the doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the de-





luded people. Let the obstinate be ruled with the rod of iron.

Let all true sons of so holy and oppressed a mother, exasperated by her afflictions, harden their hearts against those who have oppressed her.

And may God Almighty put it into the hearts of all the friends of truth to lift up a standard against pride and Antichrist, that the posterity of the sons of error may be rooted out from the face of this land forever.

## George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

### *Beginning a Play with a Whisper*

BAYES, JOHNSON, *and* SMITH.

*Bayes.* Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.

*Smith.* Umph! very new indeed.

*Bayes.* Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

*Enter* GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* PHYSICIAN.

*Phys.* Sir, by your habit I should guess you to be the Gentleman-usher of this sumptuous place.

*Ush.* And by your gait and fashion I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion of Physician.

*Phys.* You hit my function right.

*Ush.* And you mine.

*Phys.* Then let's embrace.

*Ush.* Come.

*Phys.* Come.

*Johns.* Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons?

*Bayes.* Why, sir, the gentleman-usher and physician of the two kings of Brentford.

*Johns.* But pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

*Bayes.* Pooh! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

*Johns.* Very well.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude.

*Smith.* What, before he begins?

*Bayes.* No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

*Smith.* Where—in the tyring-room?

*Bayes.* Why, aye, sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threat'ning storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will—when they once are grasped but by the eye of reason—melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

*Bayes.* Pray mark that allegory. Is not that good?

*Johns.* Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

*Phys.* But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false—which none but the great gods can tell—you then perhaps would find that——

(*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* Now he whispers.

*Ush.* Alone do you say?

*Phys.* No, attended with the noble—— (*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* Again.

*Ush.* Who, he in gray?

*Phys.* Yes, and at the head of—— (*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* Pray mark.

*Ush.* Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't:
First, he—— (*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* Now the other whispers.

*Ush.* Secondly, they—— (*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* At it still.

*Ush.* Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they——

(*Whispers.*)

*Bayes.* Now they both whisper.

(USHER *and* PHYSICIAN *exeunt, whispering.*) Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

*Johns.* In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

*Bayes.* Why, because it's new, and that's it I aim at. I despise your Jonson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature. I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

*Smith.* But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

*Bayes.* By gad, I am a better poet than he.

*Smith.* Well, sir, but pray why all this whispering?

*Bayes.* Why, sir—besides that it is new, as I told you before—because they are supposed to be politicians, and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

*Smith.* But then, sir, why——

*Bayes.* Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed.—"*The Rehearsal.*"

# Jonathan Swift

## *Directions to Servants*

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for else there will be no end of your drudgery; and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the marketman, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be £1,000 a year, he reasonably concludes that £1,000 a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them; but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then

give the door such a clap as you go out as will shake the whole room, and make everything rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young, sightly fellow, whenever you whisper to your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face. This I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking-vessels below stairs (which is usually done in a week), the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a slop-jar; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall or the kitchen, shall have above three legs; which has been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and it is said to be founded upon two reasons: first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there has been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs

is, by philosophers, imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires: I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. And when they ask any of you why you never acquainted them before, the answer is, " Sir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and, besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody-goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent rather than leave

your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all. You may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter; the housemaid may put out her candle by running against the looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

## *Hints on Conversation*

NOTHING is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust

of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves. Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise; they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it as a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and

ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs have with him; and of how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short, dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can

be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen and profess themselves his admirers. And indeed the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble: that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with a humble audience of young students from the inns of court or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash under the name of politeness, criticism, and *belles lettres.*

## *A South Sea Ballad*

In London stands a famous pile,
  And near that pile an Alley,
Where many crowds for riches toil,
  And wisdom stoops to folly.
Here sad and joyful, high and low,
  Court Fortune for her graces,
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
  Their gestures and grimaces.

Here stars and garters do appear,
  Among our lords the rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
  The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
  For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
  Who peep behind the curtain.

Our greatest ladies hither come,
  And ply in chariots daily;
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
  To venture in the Alley.
Young wenches, too, from Drury Lane,
  Approach the 'Change in coaches,
To fool away the gold they gain
  By their obscene debauches.

Long heads may thrive by sober rules,
  Because they think, and drink not,
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
  Who only drink, and think not.
The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
  Leap into South Sea water,
And there they fish for golden frogs,
  Not caring what comes arter.

'Tis said that alchemists of old
  Could turn a brazen kettle,
Or leaden cistern, into gold,
  That noble, tempting metal:
But if it here may be allowed
  To bring in great and small things,

## Jonathan Swift

Our cunning South Sea, like a god,
  Turns nothing into all things.

Oh, Britain! bless thy present state,
  Thou only happy nation,
So oddly rich, so madly great,
  Since bubbles came in fashion.
Successful rakes exert their pride,
  And count their airy millions,
While homely drabs in coaches ride,
  Brought up to town on pillions.

Few men who follow reason's rules
  Grow fat with South Sea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
  Are those who flourish by it.
Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
  Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace; while wiser heads
  Are struck with admiration.

'A race of men who, t'other day,
  Lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
  And made our lords and masters.
But should our South Sea Babel fall,
  What numbers would be frowning!
The losers then must ease their gall
  By hanging or by drowning.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
  Our stocks are worth in value;

But neither lie in goods, or lands,
  Or money, let me tell you.
Yet, though our foreign trade is lost,
  Of mighty wealth we vapour;
When all the riches that we boast
  Consist in scraps of paper.

## *An Academy of Wits*

It is intended that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty-and-three persons, which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them.

The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is first a large periphrastic school, with French and Italian masters; there is also the spelling-school, a very spacious building; the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salivation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops; the school of spleen; the school of gaming; with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted a member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands, certifying him to be a wit.

—*"A Tale of a Tub."*

## *Necessity of Wars and Quarrels*

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically, and at large, in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man, duly sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, etc., as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are

but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds, always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot, or dare not, make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cutthroats, lawyers, soldiers, etc. Most professions would be useless, if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, etc., that attend it. This matter is to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.—*"A Tale of a Tub."*

## *The University of Lagado*

I HAD hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us, "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble, for pillows and pincushions; others petri-

fying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs: the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend; the other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time, to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said: "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible to its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang into any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They

were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times; and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between

the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine," the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, "that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on." And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebel-

lion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly

written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upward before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

Judgment does not seem to rule in the school of political projectors, where I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing to me wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully em-

ployed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions, to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, "that, upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for

the despatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, "that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee-day repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion and argued in the defense of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite partyman. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "that if it were dexterously

performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus, "that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, "that it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary, "to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the *quantum* of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

## Jonathan Swift

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members shall raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

—*"Gulliver's Travels."*

## *Inventory of the Man-Mountain's Pockets*

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a perch, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely tired, however, so I crept into my house and shut the door after me. But it was of no use to try to get rid of so much company. I had

to come out again, and to get a little change by stepping backward and forward as far as my chains allowed. I soon found that the emperor had descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback toward me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet. But that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels till I could reach them. I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all. Twenty of them were filled with meat and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in

great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so

proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife. But I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double; which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial Majesty had not provided by several

proclamations and orders of state against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterward assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his Majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance, together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine and other liquors; for the due payment of which his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment

was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language, during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learned were to express my desire "that he would be pleased to give me my liberty," which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*"—that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom; however, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me, "to acquire by my patience and discreet behaviour the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired, "I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, "that, by the laws

of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them."

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterward translated into English, and it is word for word as follows:

"In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-Mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state.

"In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

"In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another,

about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands.

"In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your Majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-Mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

"In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of.

"In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

"In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was

to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets which we could not enter. These he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly.

"Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

"From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and which served him for the same use. We found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag, or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's sub-

jects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

"FLESSEN FRELOCK.
"MARSI FRELOCK."

—*"Gulliver's Travels."*

## *Some Account of the Yahoos*

THE curiosity and impatience of my *Houyhnhnm* were so great that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterward told me) that I must be a *Yahoo;* but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether foreign to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn, "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words

and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know, "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, which alone were visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered, "that I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, "that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not." The *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. "He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it."

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, *the perfection of nature*. I told my master that, "I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should

be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt, and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day or two, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of, "a wonderful *Yahoo* that could speak like a *Houyhnhnm*, and seemed in his words and actions to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houyhnhnms* who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo*, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

Every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet, and that when he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay

my attendance upon his Honour, he asked me, "the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow—at least not so white—and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of *Yahoos;* but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of *Yahoos,* or other brutes, whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, "that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me, only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I removed all my clothing except my shirt, which I let down to my waist.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after this he said it was

plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo;* but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair on several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo,* an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt. I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, "that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for, as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his Honour might command him to conceal it." . . .

When I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, "whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment." I told him, "we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses, with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master. "It is very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters. I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged, "his Honour would please excuse me from proceeding any further, be-

cause I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he persisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him, "he should be obeyed." I owned, "that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animals we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots. They were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse."

I described as well as I could our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, "that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled."

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered, "how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo;* or, by lying down or rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered, "that our horses were trained, up from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while

they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally artificially unsexed about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments. But his Honour would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in a variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race. He said, "if it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal, because reason, in time, will always prevail against brutal strength. But considering the frames of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life." Whereupon he desired to know, "whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the *Yahoos* of this country." I assured him, "that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse; that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my forefeet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the

ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind; that I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped I must inevitably fall." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my forefeet to my mouth, and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble; and lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos,* whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, "he would," he said, "debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither."

I assured him, "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his Honour could have no conception; because I saw nothing in his country to which I could

resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words"—which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England, which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his Honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man whom we call queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain my wife and family when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of whom died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock."

Here my master interposed, by asking me, "how I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained and the hazards I had run." I said, "they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in debauchery and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money; for committing rape or arson; for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison. None of these durst return to their native countries for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a gaol, and therefore they

were under the necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising these vices; to clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them; which made the difficulty almost insuperable to give my master any conception of what I meant. . . .

I was at much pains to explain to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals, and that when a *Yahoo* had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to—the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our *Yahoos* thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were

a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully.

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his Honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, "what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them." Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him, "that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female *Yahoos* could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in." He said, "That must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink." I replied thus:

"That England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink; and the same proposition in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence in return we brought the materials

of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations"—every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

"That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild, extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

"But besides all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife."

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having upon some occasions informed his Honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. "He could easily conceive that a *Houyhnhnm* grew weak and heavy a

few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil."

I replied: "We fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint—in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretense, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his Honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed. Their fundamental argument is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude that a great evacuation of the body is necessary. Their next business is, from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing. But besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are

always infested. One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they arise in any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not; and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to prove their sagacity to the world by a seasonable dose. They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes."

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent Constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me some time after to inform him what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation.

I told him "that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie, nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day lost. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires and gives over all hopes.

"There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal, in public assemblies, against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him), they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

"The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade; the pages, lackeys, and porters, by imitating their master, becoming ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes, by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord. The said chief minister is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom."

—*"Gulliver's Travels."*

## Jonathan Swift

### *A Gentle Echo on Woman*

*Shepherd.* Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions. Shall I try?
*Echo.* Try.
*Shepherd.* What must we do our passion to express?
*Echo.* Press.
*Shepherd.* How shall I please her, who ne'er loved before?
*Echo.* Before.
*Shepherd.* What most moves women when we them address?
*Echo.* A dress.
*Shepherd.* Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
*Echo.* A door.
*Shepherd.* If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
*Echo.* Liar.
*Shepherd.* Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?
*Echo.* Buy her.
*Shepherd.* When bought, no question I shall be her dear?
*Echo.* Her deer.
*Shepherd.* But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?
*Echo.* Keep her under.
*Shepherd.* But what can glad me when she's laid on bier?
*Echo.* Beer.
*Shepherd.* What must I do when women will be kind?
*Echo.* Be kind.

*Shepherd.* What must I do when women will be cross?
*Echo.* Be cross.
*Shepherd.* Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
*Echo.* Wind.
*Shepherd.* If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
*Echo.* Blows.
*Shepherd.* But if she bang again, still should I bang her?
*Echo.* Bang her.
*Shepherd.* Is there no way to moderate her anger?
*Echo.* Hang her.
*Shepherd.* Thanks, gentle Echo! Right thy answers tell
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
*Echo.* Guard her well.

## *Against Abolishing Christianity*

It is urged that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and freethinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town; and then again, so a great number of able (bodied) divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation that the revenues of the Church throughout this island would be

large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living—that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to besides the scrofulous consumptive production furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII., to the necessity of a low diet and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, exchanges, market-houses, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleas-

ure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-house? Are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? Where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? Where more meetings for business? Where more bargains driven of all sorts? And where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep? . . .

It may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing all notions of religion whatsoever would be inconvenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion, with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe by the fear of invisible powers, unless mankind were then very different from what it is now; for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as Freethinkers—that is to say, as staunch unbelievers—as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior Power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter night.

# Jonathan Swift

## *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

I FORGET whether advice be among the lost things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that, and time, ought to have been there.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath, of all animals, the nimblest tongue.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

Kings are commonly said to have *long hands.* I wish they had as *long ears.*

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Anthony Henley's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once *out,* I'll take care it shall never get *in* again."

What they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not, we are told expressly: that they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe, as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

# Alexander Pope

## *The Rape of the Lock*

### CANTO FIRST

WHAT dire offense from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing. This verse to Caryl, muse, is due;
This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say, what strange motive, goddess, could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest;
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest;
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
  Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green;
Or virgins visited by angel-powers
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers—
Hear and believe! Thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secrets truths, from learnéd pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky;
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards,
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive,

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft, yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"A sylph am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said. Then Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a *billet-doux;*
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, *billets-doux*.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO SECOND

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;

## Alexander Pope

With tender *billet-doux* he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire;
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers give ear and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay—
All but the sylph; with careful thoughts oppress,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain;
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways and all their actions guide.
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair;
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits, to your charge repair!
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flower;
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke. The spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO THIRD

Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here, thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

## Alexander Pope

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card;
First Ariel, perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold four kings, in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberds in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
  The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadors,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield.
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field;
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
The embroider'd King, who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate;
An Ace of Hearts steps forth. The King, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
  Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate;
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
  For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd;
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politican wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.

Ah, cease, rash youth! Desist ere 'tis too late!
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
  But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case.
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
  The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again.)

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever and forever!
  Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
  "Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair,
As long as 'Atalantis' shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!"
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO FOURTH

  But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,

Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On a rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of exploring maids;
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men foxes prove, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
He thus address'd the power: "Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray—
A nymph there is that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,

Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
Or cause suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Hear me, and teach Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
  The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
  Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"Oh, wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied,)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
What! shall the ravisher display your hair
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!

Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"
  She said. Then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs.
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out: "'Tis past a jest—nay, pox!
Give her the hair." He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
  "It grieves me much," replied the Peer again,
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel—hateful gnome!—forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:
"Forever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy, ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares.
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own.
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO FIFTH

She said. The pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh, if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the smallpox or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since, painted or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid—
What, then, remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms! To arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight.
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and wirling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O, cruel nymph! a living death I bear!"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing!" was his last.
Thus on Maeander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.
  Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See! fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
And this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued.
Just where the breach of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome reechoes to his nose.
  "Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck.

In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew;
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive!"
"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around,
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain;
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! With Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of wooers, and the tears of heirs;
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes,
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew)
To Proculus alone confess'd in view.
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
This the *beau monde* shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph, to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair heads can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

## "The Spectator" and "The Tatler"

(Of these seven selections, the first four are attributable to Joseph Addison, the two next to Sir Richard Steele, and the last to Eustace Budgell.)

### *The Will of a Virtuoso*

I, NICHOLAS GIMCRACK, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do, by this my last will and testament, bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

*Imprimis.*—To my dear wife,

One box of butterflies,

One drawer of shells,

A female skeleton,

A dried cockatrice.

*Item.*—To my daughter Elizabeth,

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,

As also my preparations of winter Maydew and embryo-pickle.

*Item.*—To my little daughter Fanny,

Three crocodile's eggs,

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,

The nest of a humming-bird.

*Item.*—To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

*Item.*—To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my

English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned scarabæus,
The skin of a rattlesnake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son, John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully toward me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son, Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament: he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

## *A Grinning Match*

Upon the taking of Namur, amid other public rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a Whig justice of peace to be grinned for. The first competitor that entered the lists was a black, swarthy Frenchman who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a

withered look and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and, looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face that he showed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a further trial they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malcontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice being apprised by one who stood near him that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring and be looked upon as the best grinner in the county, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not, however, omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the county, and being very lucky in a pair of long lantern jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous grimace that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared

it as their opinion that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a cobbler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance; at the second he became the face of a spout; at the third a baboon; at the fourth the head of a bass-viol; and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously. But what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

## *The Use of the Fan*

Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapons which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans,

Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

But, to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fans, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers, on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud

enough to be heard at the farther end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to Recover their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing the fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of a fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is

filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it.

## *Sir Roger de Coverley at Church*

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it. Sometimes,

when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are polite enough not to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother.

## *The Picts*

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

"SIR: Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement but what I have got from plays. I remember in the "Silent Woman," the learned Dr. Cutberd—or Dr. Otter, I forget which—makes one of the causes of separation to be *error personæ* (when a man marries a woman and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another). If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

"Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way that, give them but a tolerable pair of eyes

to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but, to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that, when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means. I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant."

I cannot tell what the law or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own from those in borrowed complexions by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively, animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead, uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by

a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones without saying something uncomplaisant; but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us, one day, an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will, and made it her business to gain hearts for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to ensnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps toward such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half-hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion for which she had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that verse of Cowley:

"Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill."

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gally-pots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country; the lover was cured.

## *Phillis and Brunetta*

In the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make courtesies together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of, which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had a head-dress on which became her so well that, instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and

every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty were in their stature, countenance, and mien so very much alike, that, if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was that, in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened that Phillis one

day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. Brunetta had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive hands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so; and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who by an interest in

the wife of Phillis's merchant procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company; upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation:

"TO MR. SPECTATOR.

"The just remonstrance of affronted THAT.

"Though I deny not the petition of Mr. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names, for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

"'My lords,' says he, with humble submission, 'That That I say is this: That, That That gentleman has advanced, is not That, That he should have proved to your lordships.' Let those two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their Whos and their Whiches.

"What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

'You force me still to answer you in That,'

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat! And what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his 'Egad, and all That'! How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another without saying 'This here' or 'That there'? And how can a sober man, without using the expletive of oaths—in which, indeed, the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others—make a discourse of any tolerable length without 'That is'; and if he be a very grave man indeed, without 'That is to say'? And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, 'Such things as That,' and 'The like of That'!

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides That; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a Who or a Which at every turn as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future. That, That I shall only add is, That I am,

"Yours,
"THAT."

## *Will Honeycomb's Courtships*

YOU may easily guess that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lincoln's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterward.

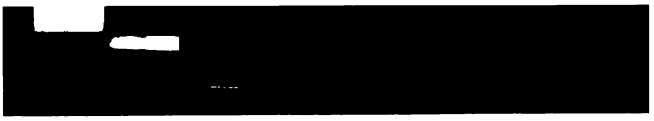
A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a

breach in their hearts. But I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England. Nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.



## Anonymous

### *The Vicar of Bray*

In good King Charles's golden days,
  When loyalty no harm meant,
'A zealous High Churchman was I,
  And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed,
  Kings were by God appointed,
'And lost are those that dare resist
  Or touch the Lord's anointed.
    And this is law that I'll maintain
      Until my dying day, sir,
    That whatsoever king shall reign,
      Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
  And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
  And read the Declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
  Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
  But for the Revolution.
    And this is law that I'll maintain
      Until my dying day, sir,
    That whatsoever king shall reign,
      Still I'il be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

## Anonymous

When William was our king declared,
  To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
  And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
  Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
  A jest was non-resistance.
    And this is law that I'll maintain
      Until my dying day, sir,
    That whatsoever king shall reign,
      Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,
  The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory.
Occasional conformists base,
  I blamed their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
  By such prevarication.
    And this is law that I'll maintain
      Until my dying day, sir,
    That whatsoever king shall reign,
      Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
  And so became a Whig, sir;

And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession.
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

# John Arbuthnot

## *A Dissertation on Dumplings*

THE dumpling is, indeed, an ancient institution and of foreign origin; but, alas! what were those dumplings? Nothing but a few lentils sodden together, moistened and cemented with a little seethed fat, not much unlike our grit or oatmeal pudding; yet were they of such esteem among the ancient Romans, that a statue was erected to Fulvius Agricola, the first inventor of these lentil dumplings. How unlike the gratitude shown by the public to our modern projectors!

The Romans, though our conquerors, found themselves much outdone in dumplings by our forefathers, the Roman dumplings being no more to compare to those made by the Britons than a stone-dumpling is to a marrow-pudding; though, indeed, the British dumpling at that time was little better than what we call a stone-dumpling, nothing else but flour and water. But every generation growing wiser and wiser, the project was improved, and dumpling grew to be pudding. One projector found milk better than water; another introduced butter; some added marrow, others plums; and some found out the use of sugar; so that, to speak truth, we know not where to fix the genealogy or chronology of any of these pudding projectors; to the reproach of our historians, who ate so much pudding, yet have been so ungrateful to the first professors of this most noble science as not to find them a place in history. . . .

The invention of eggs was merely accidental, two or three of which having casually rolled from a shelf into the pud-

ding which a goodwife was making, she found herself under the necessity either of throwing away her pudding or letting the eggs remain. But concluding, from the innocent quality of the eggs, that they would do no hurt, if they did no good, she wisely jumbled them all together, after having carefully picked out the shells. The consequence is easily imagined: the pudding became a pudding of puddings, and the use of eggs from thence took its date. The woman was sent for to Court to make puddings for King John, who then swayed the scepter, and gained such favour that she was the making of the whole family.

I cannot conclude this paragraph without owning I received this important part of the history of pudding from Mr. Lawrence, of Wilson-Green, the greatest antiquary of the present age. . . .

From that time the English became so famous for puddings, that they are called pudding-eaters all over the world to this day.

At her demise, the woman's son was taken into favour, and made the King's chief cook; and so great was his fame for puddings, that he was called Jack Pudding all over the kingdom, though, indeed, his real name was John Brand, as by the records of the kitchen you will find. This Jack Pudding became yet a greater favourite than his mother, insomuch that he had the King's ear as well as his mouth at command, for the King, you must know, was a mighty lover of pudding. It is needless to enumerate the many sorts of pudding he made. He made every pudding except quaking pudding, which was solely invented by our friends of the *Bull and Mouth.*

## John Arbuthnot

### *Sister Peg*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets selling knives, scissors, and shoe-buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers' ends were sore; and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman—a certain decent pride that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours. When she came in to any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, "Are not you related to John Bull?" "Yes," says she, "he has the honour to be my brother."

So Peg's affairs went till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself, seeing she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang the jade!" quoth John; "I can't endure her as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a

certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will and entailing his estate, the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about as if John's last wife had fallen in love with Jack as he was eating custard on horseback; that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story is that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe anything of them, true or false. But to return to my story.

When Peg received John's message she huffed and stormed. "My brother John," quoth she, "is grown wondrous kindhearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt whether it be not mair for his own conveniency than for my good. He draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, unsight, unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm because it makes a nook in his park wall. Ye man e'en tell him he has mair than he makes good use of. He gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? The little I have is free, and I can call it my ain—hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends

he'll e'en use me as he did before. I'm sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge. I shall be set to tend the bairns, darn the hose, and mend the linen. Then, there's no living with that old carline his mother. She rails at Jack, and Jack's an honester man than any of her kin. I shall be plagued with her spells and her paternosters, and silly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas Day; and I mun stand becking and binging as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his get; I'll have nothing to do with him. I'll stay like the poor country mouse, in my ain habitation."

So Peg talked. But, for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonnie thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house upon certain articles. One of these was that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation, and might take him for better or for worse if she pleased; provided always he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours and disturb the rest of the old woman, John's mother.—"*The History of John Bull.*"

# John Philips

## *The Dun*

THUS, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun—
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men—
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and, wonderful to tell,
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech,
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes. Ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men! Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
First have endu'd. If he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay

## John Philips

Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious as whilom knights were wont,
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware ye debtors—when ye walk, beware!
Be circumspect! Oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen, spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
—*"The Splendid Shilling"* (*Parody on Milton.*)

# Henry Carey

## *A Tragical Tragedy's Ending*

KING CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, GENERAL BOMBARDINION, COOK, TWO LADIES.

*Bomb.* This honour, royal sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise,
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here, fill the goblet with Falernian wine,
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods that we propine their healths.

*King.* Hold, Bombardinion! I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

*Bomb.* See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art and nature can produce;
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable that can be eat.
The king shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

*Cook.* I am afraid his Majesty will be starv'd before I can run round the world for a dinner. Besides, where's the money?

*King.* Ha, dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain! Broil him, fry him, stew him!
Ourselves shall eat him out of mere revenge.

*Cook.* Oh, pray, your Majesty, spare my life! There's some nice cold pork in the pantry. I'll hash it for your Majesty in a minute.

*King.* Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!
(*Kills him, and turns to* BOMBARDINION.)
Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's-flesh, and at second-hand?
Now, by the gods, thou dost insult us, General!
*Bomb.* The gods can witness that I little thought
Your Majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity. (*Points to the* LADIES.)
*King.* Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?
*Bomb.* Monarchs as great Chrononhotonthologos
Have made a very hearty meal of worse.
*King.* Ha, traitor! Dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.
(*Strikes him.*)
*Bomb.* A blow! Shall Bombardinion take a blow?
Blush, blush, thou sun! Start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills, vales, seas, mountains, all commixing, crumble,
And into chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinion has received a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die. (*Draws, while the* LADIES *run off, crying, "Help! Murder!"*)
*King.* What means the traitor?
*Bomb.* Traitor in thy teeth,
Thus I defy thee! (*They fight; he kills the King.*)
Ha! What have I done?
Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But "Coach, coach, coach!" Oh, for a coach, ye gods!
(*Exit, raving.*)
(*Returns with* DOCTOR.)
*Bomb.* How fares your Majesty?

*Doct.* My lord, he's dead.

*Bomb.* Ha! Dead? Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go, join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body!

*Doct.* My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic;
His soul has left his body and this world.

*Bomb.* Then go to t'other world and fetch it back,
(*Kills him.*)
And if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of Nature.
Ha!—Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?
I come! your faithful Bombardinion comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.
(*Kills himself.*)

*Enter* LORDS ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO *and* RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS, *the* LADY TATLANTHE, *and* QUEEN FADLADINIDA.

*Aldi.* Oh, horrid, horrible, and horrid'st horror!
Our king, our general, our cook, our doctor!
All dead—stone dead! Irrevocably dead!
O—h! (*All groan—a tragedy groan.*)

*Queen.* My husband dead! Ye gods, what is't you mean,
To make a widow of a virgin Queen?
For, to my great misfortune, he, poor King,
Has left me so. Ain't that a wretched thing?

*Tat.* Why, then, dear madam, make no further pother;
Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

*Queen.* I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.
*Tat.* I'll fit you with a husband in a trice:
Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a queen, he can.
*Rig.-Fun.* Aye, that I can, and please your Majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.
*Queen.* Oh, but the mourning takes up all my care!
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.
*Rig.-Fun.* Never talk of mourning, madam;
One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.
Take me at once, and let us wed to-morrow.
(*To* ALDI, *aside.*)
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.
*Aldi.* I scorn your bounty; I'll be King, or nothing.
Draw, miscreant—draw!
*Rig.-Fun.* No, sir, I'll take the law.
(*Runs behind the Queen.*)
*Queen.* Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both, and that, I hope, will please ye.
And now, Tatlanthe, though art all my care;
Where shall I find thee such another pair?
Pity that you, who've served so long, so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round;
Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.
*Aldi.* Here, take these corpses of the dead away!
Make preparation for our wedding-day.
Instead of sad solemnity, and black,
Our hearts shall swim in claret, and in sack.
—"*Chrononhotonthologos.*"

## Lady Mary Montagu

### *Quarrelling an Amusement*

You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different States. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take to eternize by leaving them to their successors. Thus an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment. You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving their important piques, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to stay among them, there would be no possibility of remaining so, their quarrels running so high that they will not be civil to those who visit their adversaries. The foundations of these everlasting disputes turn entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and, what is very hard, will give to nobody. For my part, I could not

forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to everybody, which would include the receiving it from everybody; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of reference. And, indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis publicly whispered, as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have been hitherto saucily civil to everybody, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with.—*Letters.*

## *A Point of Etiquette*

THE Austrians are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions. 'Tis not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning. They were both determined to die upon the spot rather than yield in a point of that importance, so that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guards to part them. Even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found of taking them both out in chairs exactly at the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the pass was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.—*Letters.*

## *An Affair of the Heart*

One of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of ———; and the young Count of ———, leading me down-stairs asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna. I made answer that my stay depended on the Emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. "Well, madam," said he, "whether your time here is to be longer or shorter, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a little affair of the heart." "My heart," answered I gravely enough, "does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it." "I see, madam," said he, sighing, "by the ill-nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me, who am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service, and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair to your satisfaction." You can judge in what manner I would have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.—*Letters.*

## Lady Mary Montagu

### *Epitaph on John Hughes and Sarah Drew*

HERE lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew.
Perhaps you'll say, "What's that to you?"
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things have carried!
On Thursday last it rained and lightened;
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hope to pass the time away.
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commissioned for that end, no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For, had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain.
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

# Lord Chesterfield

## *Gleanings from the Letters to his Son*

Be wiser than other people, if you can, but do not tell them so.

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least.

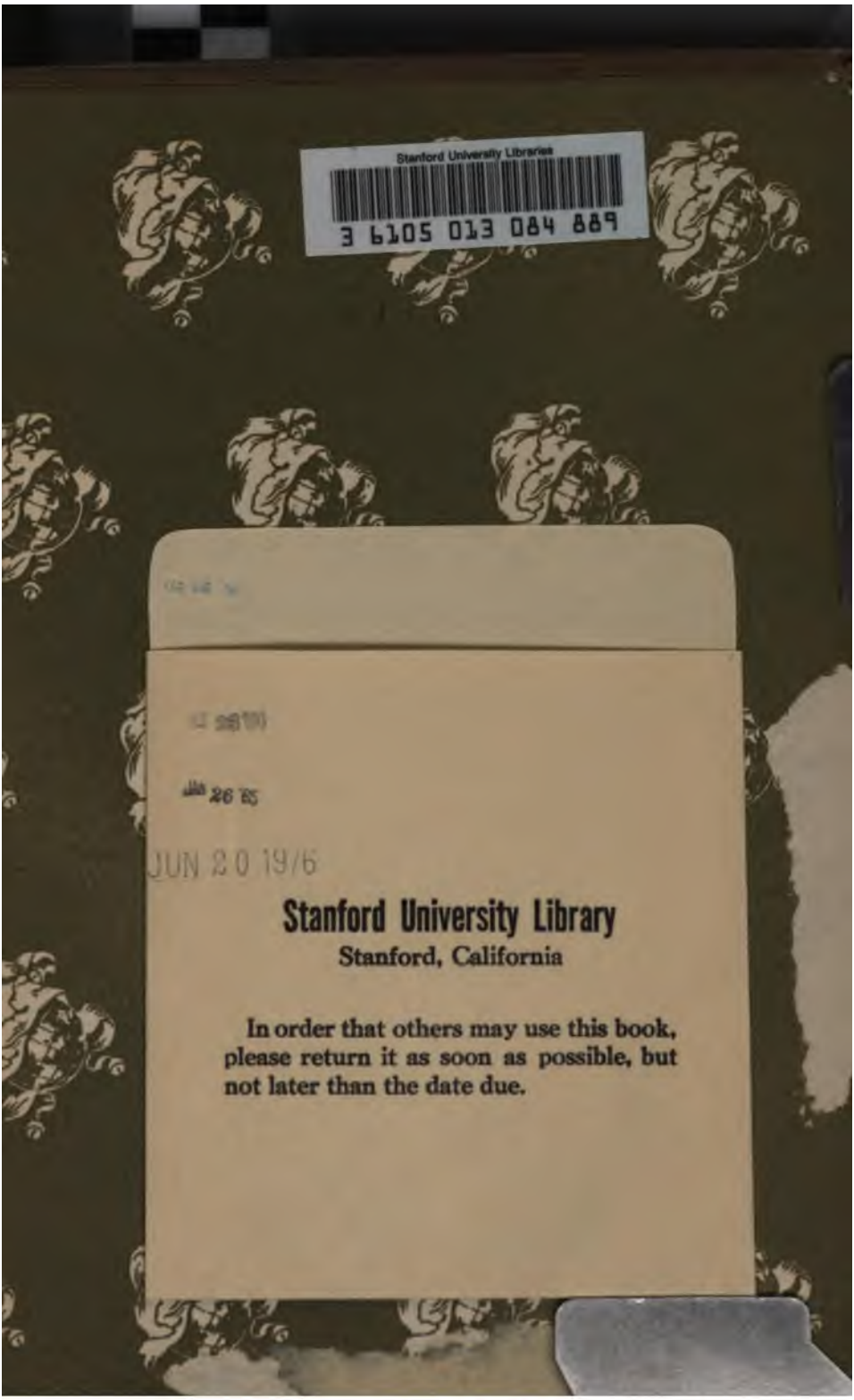
Imitate, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and well-bred turn of their conversation. But remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you should no more imitate than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his; but, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

Many great readers load their memories without exercising their judgments, and make lumber-rooms of their heads instead of furnishing them usefully.

Many young people adopt pleasures for which they have not the least taste, only because they are called by that name. They often mistake so totally, as to imagine that debauchery is pleasure. You must allow that drunkenness, which is equally destructive to body and mind, is a fine pleasure. Gambling, that draws you into a thousand scrapes, leaves you penniless, and gives you the air and manners of an outrageous madman, is another most exquisite pleasure, is it not? As to running after women, the consequences of that

vice are only the loss of one's character, the total destruction of health, and, not infrequently, the being run through the body.

Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.


Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 013 084 889
JUN 20 1976
Stanford University Library
Stanford, California
In order that others may use this book, please return it as soon as possible, but not later than the date due.